MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAP. I.

AT the time of the conqueſt of the kingdom of Valencia, 1704, I was born at a pleaſant ſeat of my father's near Briſtol. My father was knight of Santa Seraphina, a Mexican order, with which one of the vice-kings

had honoured him and his ſon, who ſhould ſucceed him; the vice-king being a near relation of my mother's, who was deſcended from a younger branch of a noble family in the kingdom of Granada. My father was unfortunately killed at Barcelona, and my mother did not long ſurvive him. As I had a right to the ornamental mark of the order of Santa Seraphina, it was put on me in my childhood; and thenceforward, I was always ſtiled The Young Chevalier Pierpoint. I had an uncle, a merchant, at Briſtol. Though my father and he had differed in political opinions, *that* had not hindered a great harmony from ſubſiſting always be-

tween

tween them in other things. My uncle was grown rich by traffic, and as he did not ſeem inclined to marry, it was more than probable, that I ſhould be heir to his riches. He was left my guardian, and he fulfilled that charge with the greateſt honour. He took poſſeſſion of my father's country houſe, and bred me up under the care of private tutors till I was ſeventeen. From that time to the age of three-and-twenty, I ſpent my time in country diverſions, reading and acquiring the ſeveral languages of Europe, of which I became a perfect maſter. When I was full three-and-twenty, my uncle ſent me to Paderborn in

Germany, to be ſome time with an excellent philoſopher, his friend, whoſe name was Swenitz. He was a Swiſs by birth, had acquired a genteel ſubſiſtence, having been travelling governor to two or three German counts and barons, who had made his fortuue. My uncle had got acquainted with him, when he was upon a tour through England, having tranſacted ſome money affairs for the young count, with whom he then travelled.

I went to Paderborn very willingly, being pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing a foreign country, and having the company of a man ſo eminent, as I was told, in polite learning. And, indeed, I

found him a very pleaſant, as well as inſtructive companion. I had a natural turn to poetry, which he likewiſe loved; and he inſtilled into me beſides, a taſte for gardening. Upon the ſide of a wood, about half a mile from his houſe, which ſtood a little out of the town, he had incloſed a ſpot of about three acres, where he had built a ſummer-houſe, and made walks and arbours. The large trees of that part, which he had incloſed, had been cut down ſome time before; and now there was a number of young plants flouriſhing, and great plenty of ſtrawberries. The old beeches beyond the encloſure, ſheltered it from the

north-winds, and preſented a gloom, that was very pleaſing both to the eye and ear, being filled with ſeveral ſorts of birds, thruſhes, gold-finches, ſhooting acroſs the walks, beſides a number of ſquirrels, leaping from branch to branch with ſurpriſing agility, amongſt the verdure of the leaves.

I had been now about a month with the philoſopher; when ſitting one afternoon in the ſummer houſe, enjoying the ſcene about me, and reading the entertaining Arioſto, on a ſudden I was ſurpriſed with the ſight of two women paſſing by the window. One of them ſeemed the miſtreſs, the other the attendant. The lady appeared about

about the age of one or two-and-twenty. She was dreſſed in a very genteel manner, though her gown was only a plain ſilk of a grave colour. She had ſomething ſerious in her countenance, but at the ſame time great ſweetneſs. Her hair was of a bright brown; her height ſomewhat exceeding the middling ſtature of her ſex; and her motion and ſtep were graceful. I had time to take a full view of her, as ſhe ſtopped near my ſummer-houſe to look about her. I thought her a very charming object, and laid my book down to gaze upon her, from where I ſat unſeen. I could not imagine how they got there, becauſe nobody had the key of the

encloſure, but myſelf and the gardener, who looked after it; and I had ſtrictly charged him not to let any body have it without acquainting me with it. I found myſelf by a ſecret attraction drawn from my ſummer-houſe, to meet the lady as ſhe returned. Accordingly we met upon the turning of one of the walks. She ſeemed in ſome ſurpriſe, and ſaid, ſhe did not imagine I was there, otherwiſe ſhe ſhould not have interrupted me. Madam, I replied, ſo agreeable an interruption cannot but be welcome every where; I wiſh you may find any thing in this hermitage worthy your attention. I think, anſwered ſhe, it is one of the

the moſt agreeable places I ever beheld. I had often heard in my abſence from this part of the country, of the improvements lately made here in this wood, and had great curioſity to ſee them. You ſee from hence that ſquare ſtone houſe, about a mile from the town; there I live, when in this country; and am called the counteſs of Polinetz. I was extremely glad to hear that was the lady's name, for the philoſopher Swenitz had highly commended her to me, and gave me a great deſire to be acquainted with her. The count had married her, when ſhe was but ſixteen, and about three months after was called away

to

to the Weſt Indies, to take poſſeſſion of an eſtate left him by an uncle.—Upon his return, he was caſt away near Cape Verde Iſlands, as it was certified, and drowned, with much riches. It was now ſeven years ſince ſhe had loſt him, and had lived in great retirement.

After having told me who ſhe was, ſhe thus proceeded: Having much curioſity, as I ſaid, to ſee the improvement, I got my gardener to procure me the key from yours; and hither I came this afternoon, as it were by ſtealth, not expecting to find any body, as I had been aſſured that philoſopher Swenitz and you were gone to a gentleman's ſeat for a few days. I dare ſay, the

philoſopher, who was an intimate friend of my father's, but whom I have not ſeen a long time, will pardon my curioſity, becauſe he knows I have great pleaſure in every thing of this nature. I look upon the pleaſure which we take in a garden, as one of the moſt enchanting delights of life. A garden, ſaid I, madam, was the habitation of thoſe who lived in the Golden Age.

In diſcourſing on the ſcenes about us, we paſſed through divers walks, in order to take a view of the ſeveral parts of the verdant retreat. At length we arrived, inſenſibly, at the pavilion. I preſented her with a ſeat to repoſe her-

herſelf, and produced ſome tokay, paſtillios, and fruits.

Madam, ſaid I, I am charmed with having an opportunity of entertaining you in my hermitage. The philoſopher Swenitz, with whom I have been this month, has often mentioned you, during that ſpace of time, with great honour; and I blame myſelf for want of curioſity, in not endeavouring to ſee ſo much beauty before. Theſe laſt words eſcaped me unawares, and cauſed her to bluſh, though ſhe did not ſeem at all diſpleaſed. She turned the diſcourſe, and, looking out upon the proſpect, ſaid:—We are here amongſt both the ſweet and noble ſcenes of Nature,

ture, and have a rich proſpect of Divine bounty. Our ſenſes are feaſted with their true objects; whereas in cities objects are to me leſs pleaſing, becauſe leſs natural. Pleaſure, I replied, looks here, like a beautiful, conſtant, and modeſt wife; in cities, like a painted, falſe, glittering fair.

I wonder, ſaid ſhe, people ſhould complain of a country life, as wanting entertainment. They know not how to ſpend their time. The leaſt thought of ſolitude affrights them; and yet, ſurely, ſolitude is ſometimes pleaſing.

A great part of mankind, anſwered I, have but little reliſh for any but violent pleaſures. The calm

calm and innocent pleaſures of the country ſuit them not. The mind muſt be in an innocent and tranquil ſtate, before it can be ſenſible of rural beauties. Place, for inſtance, an ambitious perſon in the fineſt ſcene imaginable, amongſt the moſt beautiful variety of orange, myrtle, pomegranate, laurel-trees, a profuſion of flowers, whoſe fragrancies embalm the air, the muſic of nightingales, bleating flocks feeding on green paſtures, divided by ſhining rivulets; in a word, ſuch a ſcene as Arioſto here could deſcribe: all theſe are fine things, indeed; but there is no intrigue in them, no buſtle, no pageantry. And how ſhameful is

it

it to complain, that our time lies heavy upon our hands, when there are ſo many innocent diverſions to fill up the empty ſpaces of it! Muſic, painting, architecture, gardening, reading inſtructive and entertaining authors, will do it uſefully and pleaſantly. A perſon, anſwered ſhe, that has a taſte for theſe things, ſeems to me like one that has another ſenſe, when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh for thoſe arts. For my part, I have been uſed to the country for a long time;—gardening, planting, muſic, reading—have been my principal employments;—whence I have never felt any thing of that tedious loneſomeneſs ſome complain of.

Fair counteſs, ſaid I, your happineſs is to be envied. I imagine, you muſt have a delightful garden, ſince you take ſo much pleaſure in one. My garden, anſwered the counteſs, conſiſts of but a few acres: its form is very irregular; but the bounds of it appear no where. It is planted with all manner of fruit trees and flowers; even with all thoſe flowers I can pick up in the fields, provided they are beautiful. The birds have a peaceful receptacle in it; and having fruits, ſprings, and ſhade, never forſake it: ſo that, in the ſeaſon, my walks are filled with a conſtant quire of natural muſic. And with *that* I think myſelf well repaid for my

my fruit, to which they are very welcome, though I take care always to partake with them. In ſome places my garden is embelliſhed with parterres, and the inventions of art: in others, it grows in a wild luxuriancy. Betwixt the garden and my houſe is a pleaſant grove, with viſtos and alleys, thro' which you have a proſpect of the garden. The place is fanciful enough; and affords me variety of delight: one in particular, which is the ſeeing the effects and improvements of my own care; to be always gathering ſome fruits of it, and at the ſame time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to ſee my garden covered with beautiful creatures of my

own rearing. And, if you are an admirer of ruins, at ſome diſtance, on your right hand, you have the ruins of an old caſtle, of conſiderable extent. I had once the ruins of an antient Gothic cathedral; but as I could not afford to repair it, I took out what remained of the painted glaſs windows, which were very fine, and put the painting into my chapel: then I ordered the whole ruin to be pulled down, and in its room I planted a grove, whoſe profound ſolitude is cheared by the warblings of a great number of ſinging birds, which I have brought up there in a large aviary; with whom the citterns often join their muſic.

All this ſhe uttered with ſo enchanting a ſound of voice, and engaging a manner, that I felt myſelf as much charmed with her good ſenſe, as I was before dazzled with her beauty.

Preſently came to my mind thoſe lines of the poet—

In ſuch green palaces the firſt kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and angels entertain'd.

I was about to teſtify my admiration of her taſte, when we were interrupted by the cry of hounds in the foreſt, and the ſhouts of hunters, mixed with French horns.

CHAP. II.

THE counteſs's attendant went out, and, looking over the incloſure, ſoon brought us word, that ſhe knew them, by their huntſmens liveries, to be the barons of Dundrum and Gratz. The counteſs immediately got up: Theſe gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, live at their caſtles about ten miles off. You ſhall be welcome, added ſhe, to take your revenge of me, for this intruſion, by coming to ſee my rural habitation. I highly eſteem the philoſopher Swenitz, and ſhould be glad to have his advice concerning ſomething I am about, in the plantation way. I anſwered, that

that ſhe did us both honour; and that it would be the greateſt ſatiſfaction to me imaginable, to have the pleaſure of waiting on her, while I was in that country. I conducted her to the gate of the plantation, and took my leave.

In the mean time, I heard the French horns ſound the death of a wild boar, and went into the foreſt to ſee it. The firſt perſon I met was the baron of Dundrum himſelf. I accoſted him with civility; and having made myſelf known to him, as a friend of the philoſopher's, with whom he was very well acquainted, I invited him and the other baron to taken ſome refreſhment after their ſport. He accepted the invitation, and, call-

ing to the baron of Gratz, they both entered with me into the plantation. The philoſopher had told me, that they were men of ſenſe, well read in hiſtory and the Roman claſſics, and great lovers of wild boar hunting.

Having ſet ſome wine before them, the diſcourſe naturally turned upon hunting, I told them, that, tho' I ſeldom took the diverſion, I looked upon it as an excellent exerciſe. At this, the baron of Dundrum's countenance brightened, and he cried out,

—Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes.——
Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Cithæ-

Cithæron echoes with the tuneful cry
Of hounds, and hunting muſic's ſymphony.

What more conducive to the preſervation of health, and the maintaining perpetual chearfulneſs and ſerene joy in the mind! We generally take our repaſt by the ſide of the foreſt, amidſt continual flouriſhes on the French horns. This noble diverſion ſerves to keep up ſocial freedom and harmony amongſt us. The baron went on in this ſtrain to commend hunting, and concluded with theſe verſes—

Interea miſtis luſtrabo Mænala nymphis;
Aut acres venabor apros, non me ulla vetabunt
Frigora Parthenios canibus circundare ſaltus.

Over Arcadian mountains will I chaſe
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the
ſavage race;
Nor cold ſhall hinder me, with horns and
hounds,
To thrid the thicket, or to leap the mounds.

In the winter ſeaſon, I have a ſurtout made of the ſkin of the ſhaggy ſilken-haired goat, that is bred in Angora *.

An huntſman, in the mean time, was ordered to bring in the boar's head. It came attended by four French horns: the tuſks were formidable, and as white as ivory. This the barons made a preſent of

* I imagine the baron here was miſtaken, and that he meant the goats of the iſland of Zea in the Archipelago, whoſe hair is impenetrable to the rain.

to me. After much diſcourſe about the ſize of it, and the ferocity of its appearance, we fell to drinking; and the baron of Gratz having taken off his ſcarlet hunting cap, embroidered with gold, I perceived his hair to be of different colours: the fore-part was of a bright yellow, or golden colour; the hinder part quite blue. I was ſurpriſed to ſee ſo ſtrange a head of hair, and took the liberty to aſk him whether it had been always ſo. He told me, that his hair was naturally of the golden hue; but that a Greek woman, attempting to change it to a hyacinthin colour, had made it light azure. I told him, I very much admired it, and thought it as beautiful as it was extraordinary.

The ſun now ſetting, the barons invited me to partake, ſome day, of the foreſt ſport; which having promiſed to do, they returned home, their French horns ſounding as they traverſed the foreſt.

One of my ſervants being come, I ordered him to carry home the boar's head; and went away from my hermitage, extremely pleaſed with the adventures of the day. But the ſhape and air of the counteſs, together with the charms of her voice and converſation, had made a ſenſible impreſſion upon me. I felt the greateſt longing to ſee her again, and reſolved to do ſo the next day. When I came home, I told the philoſopher what had happened to me in the enclo-

ſure,

ſure, and how the counteſs had invited him and me to go and ſee her at her houſe. I never made her a viſit in my life, ſaid he; ſhe admits of but few men viſitants, and they are chiefly her late huſband's relations, with whom ſhe was acquainted before his fatal voyage to the Indies. I am glad of an opportunity to bring you acquainted with her, for there are ſeveral things worth ſeeing at her houſe; but ſtill I am in ſome apprehenſion for you. For me? ſaid I; upon what account? Do you think, anſwered he ſmiling, that you have ſtrength of reſolution enough to reſiſt the charms of ſo beautiful a woman? She is a counteſs indeed, but I know your uncle intends a much

much richer match for you. Her charms, no doubt, ſaid I, are very engaging, but I think myſelf proof againſt them. Well, ſaid the philoſopher—take care of yourſelf. You are young, and the counteſs is amiable.—

Golden the beams which Phœbus throws,
Yet oft they ſtrike with fatal heats,
Whoſe blood with them once tainted glows,
Too late he to cool ſhades retreats.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

I Went to bed, but my head was ſo full of the lovely counteſs, that I could not cloſe my eyes in ſleep till about morning. Then falling into a ſlumber, I inſtantly began to enter into a pleaſing dream. Methoughts I was in one of the moſt delicious iſlands in the world, a delighful ſolitude. Such as I had been reading of in Arioſto, the preceding afternoon—

Culte pianure, e delicati colli,
Chiare acque, ombroſe rive, e prati molli.
Vaghi boſchetti di ſoavi allori,
Di palme, e di ameniſſime mirtelle
Cedri, e aranci, c'havean frutti e fiori,
Conteſti in varie forme e tutte belle

Facean

Facean riparo a i fervidi calori,
De' giorni eſtivi con lor ſpeſſi ombrelle,
E tra quei rami con ſicuri voli
Cantando ſe ne giano i roſignuoli
Tra le purpuree roſe, e bianchi gigli,
Che tepida aura freſchi ogn' hora ſerba,
Securi ſe vedean lepri e conigli,
E cervi con la fronte alta e ſuperba,
Senza temer ch' alcun gli uccida, ò pigli,
Paſcano, ò ſtianſi ruminando l' herba.
Saltano i daini, e i capri ſnelli e deſtri,
Che ſono in copia in quei luoghi campeſtri.

ARIOSTO, Canto Seſto.

Green paſtures, hills that breath'd the freſh'ning air,
Clear rivers, ſhady banks, and meadows fair.
Here divers groves there were, of pleaſant ſhade,
Of palms, or orange-trees, of cedars tall,
Of ſundry fruits and flowers, that never fade,
The ſhew was fair, the plenty was not ſmall.
And arbours in the thickeſt places made,
Where little light, and heat came none at all,

Where

Where nightingales did ſtrain their little throats,
Recording ſtill their ſweet and pleaſant notes.
Amid the lilly white, and fragrant roſe,
Preſerv'd ſtill freſh by warm and temp'rate air.
The fearful hare, with joy and pleaſure goes,
The ſtag, with ſtately head and body fair,
Doth feed ſecure, not fearing any foes,
That to his damage hither may repair;
The buck and doe doth feed amid the fields,
As in great ſtore the pleaſant foreſt yields.

Sir JOHN HARRINGTON.

While I was conſidering the beauties of the place about me, methoughts, from a bower of roſe-trees and myrtle, the counteſs, goddeſs-like, came towards me, and ſaid, with pleaſant look, Welcome to this my ſolitude; and called me by my name. All raviſhed with the ſight of her, I forgot the reſpect due to her lovelineſs, and ran haſti-

ly

ly to embrace her in my arms and kiſs her, when on a ſudden, ſhe became a tree, all covered over with bluſhing buds and bloſſoms, whoſe fragrancies ſo affected my ſenſes, that I ſeemed to die away, and then a great clap of thunder awaken'd me. I tried to ſleep again, in order, if poſſible, to have a continuance of my dream, but to no purpoſe. I got up and dreſſed myſelf: and was more careful than uſual in ſetting off my perſon to the beſt advantage. I put on a fine blue cloth coat, with gold trimmings and taſſels, and a hat with a black feather in it. After having thus dreſſed myſelf, I went to breakfaſt in the library, where I found the philoſopher ſitting in his ſcarlet banyan,

with

with a cap of ſables. Well, ſaid he, I ſee you are prepared for your viſit by your dreſs. I am, anſwered I, and if you pleaſe, we will go as ſoon as breakfaſt is over. We ſat down to our coffee; when the philoſopher, addreſſing himſelf to me, ſaid, Since we are going to ſee this lady, I think it will be agreeable to you, to know her hiſtory; her birth and fortunes. I anſwered, he could not oblige me more. Having finiſhed our coffee, he laid a map of Germany upon the table well coloured, then began in this manner:

The counteſs of Polinetz is the daughter of a Turkey merchant of Hamborough, named Marandon, of a good family in England. He

had lived in a very magnificent manner, and his expences, together with ſeveral loſſes of ſhips, reduced him to a ſmall income. Finding himſelf neglected by thoſe, whom he had greatly obliged during his proſperous condition, he retired to a ſmall houſe and farm, which he had yet near the Hartz-foreſt. There he lived a ſolitary life with his wife Meleſinda, an Italian lady, who had ſettled at Carinthia. She was a woman of a very agreeable perſon and aſpect, had many acquired accompliſhments, ſuitable to her ſofter ſex; was endowed with a ſprightlineſs of wit, with excellent good ſenſe, and a noble mind; her beauty, and her birth, (for ſhe was of the family of the Colonna's)

Colonna's) had made ſeveral barons court her, but ſhe preferred Marandon to them all. And indeed, he was well deſerving of her choice, being a very accompliſhed perſon. This couple, whoſe virtue and friendſhip for the ſpace of many years, were the reciprocal cauſe of their mutual felicity, now began to prove each other's unhappineſs, by reaſon of the tenderneſs they had for each other. Marandon aſſured me (for I was intimate with him towards the latter end of his life) that he could have borne his misfortunes without reluctance, had they fallen on himſelf only, and not on Meleſinda. On the other hand, Meleſinda's griefs were encreaſed, by her perceiving that

ſhe encreaſed Marandon's. Their chief comfort was placed in their two children, both beautiful. The ſon's name was Cœurleon; the daughter's Meleſinda, being ſo called after her mother. Cœurleon, though very young, began to diſcover a great deal of courage and ſtrength. He would ramble in the foreſts with the huntſmen amidſt the ſnows, and had an excellent hand at ſhooting a ſtag or a wild boar. Together with this exerciſe he joined reading, and drawing plans of fortification, in which he took great delight. Young Meleſinda, on the other hand, was inſtructed by her mother in all the arts of embroidering, needle-work, in muſic, and painting landſcapes

in

in miniature. She learned from her alſo the Spaniſh and Italian tongues: High German ſhe had from the place of her nativity, and her father gave her a tincture of Engliſh. So that at twelve years old, ſhe underſtood and ſpoke all theſe languages very fluently.

In the mean time Marandon, grieving at not being able to provide for his children according to their rank, was perpeturlly ſeeking ſolitude.

It happened that Signor Trentan, a tiara'd Cittern, who lived near Dreſden, a man of great humanity and benevolence, who had obligations to Marandon's family, heard of his misfortunes. He was ſtruck with much grief at the news, and

reſolved, if poſſible, to extricate him from his difficulties, and put him again in ſome way of recovering his former fortune, at leaſt of mending his preſent circumſtances. Accordingly this old Cittern, full of ſuch beneficent intentions, came to Marandon's houſe, and not finding him at home, was directed to a ſhady valley, which Marandon often frequented. There the old man found him in profound muſing under an oak.

The Cittern is a very venerable old man (for he is ſtill living, and ſometimes comes to ſee the counteſs of Polinetz); his beard is long and like his hair, as white as ſilver. Upon his breaſt he wears a gold croſs. Marandon, as ſoon as he ſaw

ſaw him, preſently knew him, and ſaluted him. They diſcourſed a little upon indifferent ſubjects; at length the converſation—Be ſo good, (ſaid I, interrupting him) to tell me, before you go any further, what you mean by a Cittern or tiara'd Cittern; I have heard of ſuch a muſical inſtrument, but never heard a man ſo called before. The Citterns, anſwered the philoſopher, are Chriſtians, but they teach doctrines, that differ in ſeveral things from thoſe, which are taught at this time of day among other Chriſtians, of whatever denomination, except the Villadorians on the banks of the Guadilquiver. A tiara'd Cittern, is the chief of one of their communities. When

he officiates, he wears a rich Eaſtern *Tiara* on his head, with a ſun embroidered on the front of it. He is cloathed with fine linen of the pureſt whiteneſs, which reaches down to his feet, and his breaſt is bound about with a golden girdle; on the fore-part of which are five precious ſtones, like ſtars, which repreſent, or are emblems of faith, hope, heavenly love, peace, and joy. They are called Citterns, becauſe they ſing hymns to the ſound of that inſtrument. The counteſs is one of the ſect, ſo was her father Marandon, before he died.

Methinks I begin to have a good opinion of theſe Citterns, ſaid I; pray, proceed with your hiſtory.—

At

At length the converſation, reſumed he, inſenſibly turned on Marandon's way of life. Why will you ſuffer yourſelf, ſaid the old man, to be overcome by your misfortunes? You cannot live indeed ſo magnificently as formerly, but you may upon a ſmall income be as happy. Reſume courage, ſeek not ſolitude, but ſome employment. Do your beſt to mend your fortunes; be chearful, and leave the reſt to Divine care. This farm where you now live, I have been informed, has a mortgage upon it of eight hundred gold ducats. I have had obligations to your family; I will pay off the ſum in queſtion, and you ſhall repay me, when you are able. I will alſo

ac-

accommodate you with two thouſand ducats to traffic with. Having thus ſaid, the Cittern preſented to him a bag of gold ducats and bills to the amount of the ſum.

The counteſs of Polinetz's father gazed upon the old man ſome time with aſtoniſhment, and without being able to utter a word. At laſt he threw his arms about him, and tenderly embracing him, made this anſwer: I cannot doubt, my Lord, but Heaven has ſent you hither. In you, and you only, may be found that benevolence, thoſe noble ſentiments of gratitude, which I deemed not to be found upon earth. May Heaven inſpire into me the like ſentiments with regard to you. This ſaid, he

conducted the old Cittern home, where he was entertained with the greateſt reſpect and honour. Cœurleon, and young Meleſinda, by their pleaſing behaviour and accompliſhments, ſoon won the old man's affections; and the thought of having reſtored joy and pleaſantneſs to the family, made the Cittern's own heart overflow with that exquiſite pleaſure, which none but they, whoſe beneficence is founded on Divine love, can feel. After ſome days the Cittern returned home. Marandon, by his traffic, together with his wife's management and attention to the eſtate, in a few years grew rich, and repaid all he had received of the Cittern. Young Meleſinda was bred

bred to a reliſh for rural amuſements, under her mother, who would never leave her retreat. The count of Polinetz having ſeen her by chance, fell in love with her, and married her: and upon his embarking for the Weſt Indies, reſigned his commiſſion in the king of Spain's German guards to her brother Cœurleon. The counteſs's father died ſoon after the count was caſt away near Cape Verde Iſlands, and his wife Meleſinda retreated, and ended her days among the Violetines.

When I perceived the philoſopher had finiſhed his hiſtory of the counteſs: You have given me great pleaſure, ſaid I, and made a ſtrong impreſſion upon me in favour

vour of the counteſs: if I am not in love with her, I own myſelf at leaſt in love with the old Cittern. But what are your Violetines, whom you mentioned laſt? They are, anſwered he, a ſiſterhood, a community of ladies. They have always a cenſer full of coals of cedar, or other ſweet wood, burning before the altar, where they worſhip. When any one goes to pray, ſhe ſprinkles upon the cenſer a little frankincenſe, mixed with another perfume, which ſends forth a fragrant odour like violets. Hence thoſe ladies were called Violetines *. Whenever they marry, they

* There is a houſe of this nature at the Hague, where young ladies, whoſe fortunes are not equal to their birth, are educated and

they quit the houſe. Some of thoſe ladies keep their coaches.

and maintained. It was founded by the queen of England, when princeſs of Orange.

There are nine ſuch foundations in the electorate of Hanover, where the ladies live handſomely, through the munificence of the ſovereign.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

THE philoſopher having given this account, ſtrait began to dreſs himſelf; which being done, we ſet out for the counteſs's.

We entered thro' a little gate, which let us into one of the walks that led up to the houſe. The trees of this private walk were twiſted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. On one ſide of it were artificial grottoes, covered with woodbines and jeſſamines; on the other ran, with an agreeable murmur, a lucent ſpring, among pebbles that had gold and ſilver ſpecks, and made a brilliant ap-

appearance. The meander is ſaid to run upon ſuch ſhining pebbles, from whence the counteſs took the hint.

We were introduced to the miſtreſs of this pleaſant habitation, whom we found embroidering in a lower room that looked upon the gardens. She received us with great politeneſs; and after we were ſet down, I began the converſation by ſaying—I have read of ſeveral enchanted palaces, and I cannot help thinking this place of yours, counteſs, reſembles ſome of them in miniature.

I can't but ſay, anſwered ſhe, the ſituation is agreeable; and, as I expect you will dine with me, we in the mean time will take a

walk

walk in the garden which I mentioned to you the other day. We anſwered, we would gladly attend her. As for you, philoſopher Swenitz, ſaid ſhe, you have been here often, as I have been told, but always in my abſence, which I don't take ſo kindly of you. I ſhould have been very glad of entertaining you, as well as I could, as you were may father's friend; and alſo for my own intereſt, as I am ſure I could not but have profited by your converſation. The philoſopher made the beſt ſpeech he could in return for the compliment, and aſſured her, that he had never been in the country, while ſhe was in it, except-

ing the one month that I had been with him. She received his apology with a pleaſing ſmile; and then opening a glaſs door, we entered into the garden. I found every thing anſwering the deſcription the counteſs had given me of it. It put me in mind of that deſcription in Spenſer, which he copied from the Italian.

There the moſt dainty paradiſe on ground,
Offer'd itſelf to the delighted eye,
In which all pleaſures plentouſly abound,
And none does other happineſs envy.
The painted flow'rs, the trees upſhooting high,
The dales for ſhade, the hills for breathing ſpace,
The trembling groves, the cryſtal running by,
And that which all fair works doth moſt aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought appeared in no place.

One

One would have thought ſo cunningly the rude
And unculte parts were mingled with the fine,
That nature had for wantonneſs enſu'd
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So ſtriving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed, thro' ſweet diverſity,
The garden to adorn with all variety.

We walked through the moſt delightful ſcenes, for about an hour. At length the counteſs brought us to a ſmall kind of tower that had a gilt balaſter on the top of it. We entered into it through a little door, at the bottom or foot of the tower. There we found a ſeat that held juſt one perſon. The counteſs made the philoſopher ſit down in

it: then ſhe touched a ſpring, and the philoſopher aſcended in the chair to the baluſtrade on the ſummit of the tower. From the top of this tower, to which I aſcended afterwards, there were ſeveral kinds of proſpects, as the mild, the rough, the groteſque, the gay. After this ſhe ſhewed us a little ſpot covered with ever-greens; a garden to ſhelter the birds in winter. At the entrance was a ſtatue of Chearfulneſs, holding a gilt cup in one hand, and a ſprig of myrtle in the other.

It was now time for us to return to the houſe, in order to be there by dinner. The counteſs led us thither through the garden, but by

by a different way. Upon our road we met with the ſtatues of Flora and Pomona. Flora was denoted by a looſe noſegay of flowers, which ſhe ſeemed to have juſt gathered, and to hold up, as pleaſed with the beauties of them. She was alſo crowned with flowers. Her robe was of a changeable ſilk, and of as many colours as the flowers with which ſhe was adorned. This ſtatue was formed of a fine compoſition as hard as marble.

The ſtatue of Pomona was near the fruit trees. It was formed of the like compoſition. She was dreſſed in green ſilk, thick ſhot with gold threads. She held a

pruning hook in one hand, and a branch, with fruits on it, in the other.

I muſt not omit a particular ſpring, which was covered over with myrrh. The counteſs deſired me to taſte the water: I did ſo, and found it extremely bitter. This water, ſaid I, is like the myrrh that borders it. There is no harm in it, ſaid the counteſs, ſmiling, we have ſeveral ſuch ſprings in this country. Philoſopher Swenitz will account for them better than I can. They come, ſaid the philoſopher, from an impure ſulphur, bitumen, nitre, copperas, copper; as water by long ſtanding in a copper veſſel acquires a bitter taſte. They

are frequent in other parts of the world. On the ſhore of Cormandel, in India, there are ſeveral ſprings and wells, whoſe waters are bitter, though they ſpring up among the rocks. In Pontus, a province of Aſia Minor, there is a ſmall rivulet at the town of Callipade, called Exampean, whoſe water is bitter; this makes the river Hypanis alſo bitter, into which it flows.

While the philoſopher was thus ſpeaking we came to the houſe, where, in a large hall, we found a table ſet out for dinner; and an elderly lady, a friend of the counteſs's, who lived with her. As ſoon as the counteſs came

into the room, the old lady gave her a letter: ſhe opened it, and looked pleaſed while ſhe read it; then put it in her pocket; for now dinner appeared.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THE entertainment was elegant; and the counteſs did the honours of her table with a pleaſed attention. She ſhewed particular regard to the philoſopher, and made him ſit next her, with which I was very well pleaſed. To me ſhe behaved with more reſerve, but great complaiſance. As ſoon as the deſert was ſet on the table, ſhe called to a ſervant, and bade him undo the wooden caſe, that had been ſent her that morning, and take out what was in it, and bring it to her. He went out, and ſoon returned with the picture of a venerable old man with ſilver locks,

clad

clad in purple, with a gold croſs on his breaſt. By the deſcription the philoſopher had given me in the morning of the old Cittern, I gueſſed it to be his picture. There, ſaid the counteſs, are the lineaments of a good friend of mine, ſeigneur Trentan. There is a great likeneſs, anſwered Swenitz. I gueſſed it to be him, ſaid I, from the deſcription I have heard of him. I have obtained his picture as a favour, ſaid the counteſs: here's his letter, which he ſent me with it, and which, for its gallantry, I will read to you. You muſt know, I ſent him a preſent lately of ſome Indian canes, and inſiſted upon his giving me his picture in return.

" My

" My loved Counteſs,

" The Indian canes, which you ſent me, were pretty; but you have ſo embelliſhed them, that they are hardly for my turn. They are emblems of ſovereign command: and I ought, methinks, to return you thanks rather for your ſceptres, than your canes. By what name ſoever we call them, they are the more precious to me, becauſe they come from you, more than for any other conſideration: and though you have not made me rich, yet you may chance to make me proud. It is an antient maxim, that ambition is no more ſatisfied with benefits received, than covetouſneſs. But it ſhould have been added, when ambition receives

from

from a perſon, from whom it deſired to receive. All ſorts of benefactors do not much oblige thoſe, whoſe ambition it is to have only the nobleſt. For my part, I ſhould think the preſents of lady * * * * would diſhonour me; and I would be as much aſhamed of her favours as I glory in yours. I carried them to Dreſden, on purpoſe to ſhew them. With them I do ſupport my old age with credit, and look as trim as upon days of ceremony. They ſerve both to ſupport and to adorn me; for furniture of neceſſity, and obſtentation too. But the worſt is, I have nothing here to requite ſo rare a preſent, but the ſhape and lineaments of an old man. 'Tis, indeed,

deed, all you require in return. The picture of an old Cittern of fourſcore!—— There are always fooliſh deſires, dear counteſs, and idle curioſities in the world. Is not yours one of them? However, to content you, I have yielded, for one half hour, to have myſelf tranſcribed. The painter, I am certain, has flattered me. But, I know, affection is a better flatterer yet, than the painter. This it is that will bear falſe teſtimony for me, to prove my picture worthy to be placed among thoſe of your Titian's and your Buonaroti's. A ſtation amongſt them is, indeed, an honour I highly value; but that which you have given me in your heart is no leſs precious to me, and

I think

I think I have good right to the poſſeſſion, ſince I am, with all affection, &c."

Don't you think, ſaid the counteſs, when ſhe had done reading, that my old friend writes very gallantly upon a few Indian canes? I long to ſee him; and, by the poſtſcript in the letter, expect him here in a few days. We joined with her in admiring the chearful politeneſs of the old man, and aſked if ſhe had many pictures done by thoſe two famous painters he mentioned. I have pictures, ſhe replied, done by good hands, who imitated Titian's manner; but I have only one landſcape of his painting. As for Buonaroti, I don't

don't know who he means by that name. He means, anſwered I, madam, a very extraordinary man. Michael Angelo Buonaroti flouriſhed in the fifteenth century, and was univerſally admired for his excellence in the three ſiſter-arts, painting, ſtatuary, and architecture. He was born of a good family in the county of Arezzo, ſtudied deſign or drawing under Dominico Ghirlandajo; and, at the age of ſixteen, began to cut ſtatues in marble, that even bore a compariſon with the antique. In order to expoſe the falſe taſte of thoſe who would allow no merit to modern artiſts, he privately finiſhed the ſtatue of a Cupid, and buried it under ground, in a place which he

he knew would ſoon be dug, after having broke off one of the arms, which he kept by him. The ſtatue was accordingly found, and judged by all the connoiſſeurs to be a genuine antique. Then Buonaroti produced the arm, and claimed the honour of the work. He made the model of a coloſſal ſtatue for pope Julius II. with ſuch a haughty countenance, and commanding attitude, that the pontiff aſked, whether he had raiſed the right arm in the act of beſtowing the benediction, or denouncing the anathema? Buonaroti replied, that his holineſs was in the attitude of warning the people of Bologna to be more prudent for the future. Then he aſked, in his turn, if he

ſhould

ſhould put a book in the ſtatue's right hand? "No, (ſaid Julius) put a ſword in it; I don't pretend to be a man of letters."

His maſter-piece in architecture was the grand church of St. Peter at Rome. He was the moſt perfect anatomiſt of his time; had a grand taſte in deſign, and excelled all his cotemporaries in painting naked figures; but his manner was dry, and in every other branch of the art he fell far ſhort of Raphael. His moſt famous picture is that of the Laſt Judgment; but is very abſurd, as the painter has not made us riſe in glorified bodies. He was reſpected and beloved by pope Leo X. Clement VII. and a ſucceſſion of popes, as

well as by all the civilized princes of his time; Francis I. king of France, Charles V. emperor of Germany and king of Spain, Cosmo de Medicis, the Venetian republic, and even Solyman the grand signor. He lived to the age of ninety, died at Rome in 1564, and was interred with great funeral pomp at Florence.

Methinks, said the countess, if I was a man, I should take great pleasure in visiting those countries where the works of such famous artists are to be seen. When she had so said, she asked us to see what paintings she had, and got up to conduct us.

CHAP. VI.

WE all got up, and went into the library. It was an handſome long room, that looked over a fine country, a mixture of champain and wood, interſperſed with ſeveral rivulets, that glittered with the ſun-beams.

The counteſs's books were contained in four large caſes of mahogony. They had gilt wire network before them, with green ſilk curtains on the inſide. In ſeveral places were buſtos of marble, and ſome excellent pictures.

Among the pictures, there were two remarkable ones, finiſhed with the higheſt colouring, done by

Carlo Pinto, an imitator of Titian. They repreſented our firſt Parents, before and after the fall. Our firſt Parents, before the fall, appeared cloathed in the moſt beautiful manner imaginable. I turned to the philoſopher, and teſtified ſome ſurprize at ſeeing theſe figures cloathed. The counteſs, anſwered the philoſopher, can give you an account of it, if ſhe pleaſes; but, to ſave her the trouble, I will do it.

The painter has endeavoured to repreſent our firſt Parents cloathed in garments of light. Eve, you ſee, appears clad in a kind of glittering ſilver tiſſue. She has a ſtarry zone about her boſom; her golden hair flows in buckles upon her white

white neck, and thence deſcends to her waiſt: her feet are ſilver. Her look and face have dignity, tempered with ſweetneſs. Adam is habited in gold; his countenance full of majeſty, ſoftened by love, while he converſes with his fair ſpouſe, and gazes upon her, enamoured with her beauty. But this is only their habit for the preſent: they might change their ornaments, when they pleaſed.

After their diſobedience, they loſt theſe ornaments of light. The ſecond picture, therefore, ſhews them in another dreſs. Through the inſtruction of their beneficent Maker, they have cloathed or adorned themſelves *with* or *from* the ſkins of beaſts; with the ſilken

hair or down of animals of the firſt creation; with feathers of the moſt beautiful rain-bow colours, inwoven together. Behold how beauteous Eve looks, ſo dreſt! ſo beauteous, that, in the diſtant view, you may diſcern angels making love to her daughters, almoſt as charming as herſelf. All this the painter has endeavoured to repreſent in this picture. I imagine (ſaid I to the philoſopher) that Carlo Pinto was a Cittern. He anſwered in the affirmative. Then turning to the counteſs, The charms of beauty, ſaid I, which we ſtill behold in ſome, evidence how lovely the ſex muſt have been originally. She looked pleaſantly; but made no reply, as

not

not underſtanding the compliment intended for herſelf, only turned to another piece.—This, ſaid ſhe, is the ſtory of Balaam's viſion. You ſee there he lies aſleep, and is now dreaming that the beaſt, on which he rode, ſpeaks to him; and the angel appears ſtanding in his way.—This figure is nobly painted with the Guido air and grace.

We greatly admired Titian's landſcape. It was a verdant valley, with a clear ſtream running thro' it, ſurrounded with ſteep mountains, except on one ſide, where noble diſtant proſpects were bounded by the horizon. It was delightful to ſee the goats climbing up the hanging rocks, or lying

upon the cliffs, where they were diſtinguiſhed by their whiteneſs amidſt the verdure. Add to this, the inimitable ſunſhine he had diffuſed over the piece. Pray, ſaid the counteſs to me, was not Titian a Spaniard? No, ſaid I, madam; Titian Vecelli was born in the ſtate of Venice, in the year 1477, and ſtudied painting under Bellini, whom he ſoon ſurpaſſed, as he alſo did Georgione. His pictures were the admiration of every body, for his exquiſite manner of colouring. He refuſed a conſiderable employment at Rome; and was created knight and count-palatine by the emperor Charles V. who ſitting one day for his picture, Titian chanced to drop his pen-

pencil; which the emperor took up, and preſenting it to him, "Titian (ſaid he) is worthy to be ſerved even by an emperor." He was alſo viſited and careſſed by the king of France; and celebrated by Arioſto, Marini, and other poets. In a word, he lived in great ſplendor; and died in 1576, in the arms of his imperial maſter.

There were ſeveral other pieces done by excellent painters: I will only mention one at preſent; that of Eric king of Denmark, who by a certain muſician could be kindled to ſuch fury, as to kill ſome of his beſt friends and ſervants. The muſician was there ſeen playing on an inſtrument, while the monarch gathering up his royal robe, laid

on

on all about him. The paſſions here of rage, fear, and amazement, were ſtrongly pictured in the fineſt colouring. The ancients tell us ſomething like this of the Phrygian ſound or tone, whatever that tone was.

The buſtos were curiouſly ſculptured. There was Homer, Virgil, Fenelon, Arioſto, Taſſo, Milton, Petrarch, and Laura: and ſome others.

The books conſiſted of the moſt entertaining hiſtories, the fineſt poems, and a few romances, written by geniuſes of fertile invention and fine imagination. Among theſe laſt, Don Quixote had an honourable ſtation, in much pomp and ſplendor.

Such

Such was the library of the counteſs. But what can never be forgot was a crimſon bird, as large as a makaw. It ſtood in a gilded wire-cage in one of the windows. The counteſs called it a Quincena; it was a preſent to the count of Polinetz from India, where they are extremely ſcarce. Like the cameleon, it took all manner of colours, which it fixed its eye attentively upon. If you ſet before it green, it became green: if you placed before it white colour, it changed its hue to white, and ſo of other colours: when it looked ſtedfaſtly on the wires of its cage, it took a gold colour. And though it did not give rational anſwers, like the prince of Orange's

Orange's Parrot *, yet it ſung with a warbling voice theſe words, which had been taught it:

The tender virgin roſe behold
Sweetly her damaſk bud unfold,
Half-open'd, half-conceal'd in green,
Fairer ſhe ſeems, the leſs ſhe's ſeen.
See her more bold her leaves diſplay,
Behold ſhe drooping fades away,
Nor longer ſeems that lovely flow'r
By virgins ſought to deck the bow'r.
Then, Celimene! ere time conſume
The tranſient roſes of your bloom,
Bright virtue's off'ring let them be,
And yield to heav'n their fragrancy.

Juſt by the cage ſtood a ſilver chaffing-diſh of very neat workmanſhip. This the counteſs told

* See Locke.

me

me belonged to the Cittern, who uſed to perfume his beard with it after the Eaſtern manner. In it he uſed to put ſome burning coals, with a piece of aloes wood, covering all with a cover of ſilver full of ſmall holes. This he ſet under his beard, while the agreeable ſmell of the aloes aſcended, and greatly recreated his head with its elegant perfume. When the Cittern had done with it, it was always ſet by the Quincena, who ſeemed exhilarated with the ſmell, and would begin to ſhake his feathers and ſing:

What fragrancies the air perfume,
And fill delightfully the room.
Ye Citterns! ſtrike the tuneful ſtring,
While of your ancient ſage I ſing.—

" White

"White locks, that grace the virtuous old,
"Are nobler than a crown of gold."

Theſe words, like the other, he ſung with a number of trills and warblings. In ſhort, it was the moſt extraordinary bird I ever beheld.

It was about evening when we took our leave of the counteſs, and walked home. Our diſcourſe all the way was of her manner of life, and the accompliſhments of her perſon. I have a great eſteem, (ſaid I to the philoſopher) for this young widow; I admire her more than any woman I ever ſaw. Her politeneſs, her wit, equal to her beauty; her modeſty, that heightens the charms of both: her lively ima-

gination, directed by an excellent judgment; the gracefulneſs of her expreſſion and manner; her eaſy chearfulneſs of converſation, unſtudied and unaffected; the acquired accompliſhments of her mind, not inferior to her natural graces and virtues.—

The philoſopher hearing me go on in this ſtrain, looked upon me ſmilingly, and ſaid, I believe you are already in love. If to be in in love, ſaid I, is to wiſh that I may one day have ſuch a companion of life as the counteſs, I am much in love indeed. After all, is not love an homage we ought to pay to merit, a ſentiment worthy of a tender and generous heart. The counteſs's beauty, I own, anſwered

ed the philoſopher, is the leaſt of her charms; her heart is as good, as her underſtanding is bright. I could approve of your love, if you had a paſſion for her, becauſe ſhe is truly valuable. But I have told you that your uncle has other views for you, and deſigns to marry you to a daughter of a very wealthy Levant merchant. You muſt not diſoblige him: If you perceive your heart not proof againſt the counteſs's charms, as you imagined it was, it is beſt to ſee her no more. There is no way to vanquiſh love, but by extinguiſhing the firſt ſparks of it. Why then, to be ingenuous with you, anſwered I, I will tell you, that if ſuch ſparks are kindled in my breaſt, I have no deſire

to

to extinguiſh them. On the contrary, I have a great mind to propoſe to my uncle, that he ſhould permit me to addreſs the counteſs. Perhaps her character and amiableneſs will perſuade him not to oppoſe my inclinations. Beſides, ſhe has rank, and her jointure of a thouſand gold ducats may make an impreſſion on him. The philoſopher anſwered, that he could not blame my value for the counteſs; and that if I intended to acquaint my uncle with the affair before I proceeded any further, he would do all in his power to make my deſign ſucceed. I anſwered, he would oblige me for ever by ſo doing. In ſuch diſcourſe we reached

home; the philoſopher concluded with repeating theſe lines:

Love is not always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind.
It kindles all the ſoul with honour's fire,
To make the lover worthy his deſire.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

I Will not tire you with an account of the whole progreſs of my paſſion: let it be ſufficient to ſay, that I enjoyed the converſa- of the counteſs for three months, taking all opportunities of ſeeing her; and every time I ſaw her, I thought I diſcovered ſome new perfection; ſo that, in a word, I became paſſionately in love. I thought too (nor was I deceived) that I had made an impreſſion upon her heart. When I made this diſcovery from her bluſhes, and frequent perplexity when ſhe converſed with me, judge how delightful and charming to me

was ſuch her involuntary betraying herſelf.

As for my part, when I was not with her, I was as in a deſart, abſent and muſing: ſo that at laſt the philoſopher grew tired of my behaviour, and frankly told me ſo. If you are really in love with the counteſs Meleſinda, ſaid he, reveal your love to your uncle out of hand: I will write to him an account of her. I thanked him heartily, and came ardently into his advice. Upon which he wrote to my uncle a long letter, deſcribing the counteſs Meleſinda's perſon, her birth, fortune, and accompliſhments. I now was all impatience to be gone; and having made preparations for my journey,

journey, in two days time I went to take leave of the counteſs. At firſt ſhe looked viſibly concerned; but when I told her I hoped to have the pleaſure of ſeeing her again very ſoon, a tranſient gleam of joy brightened in her countenance.

I returned to the philoſopher, who was deſirous of conducting me as far as the Texel. He did ſo; and we found a merchant ſhip bound for Portland, and ready to put to ſea. Here the philoſopher furniſhed himſelf with a number of little green cheeſes, made of ſheeps milk, and tinged green with certain herbs, of which he was very fond.

I went aboard, and the wind offering, we weighed anchor with four Turkeymen. In the mean time, the wind did not long continue fair: however we reached the Forelands, and from thence gradually got into the Channel, and at length reached Portland, though not without danger, for ſometimes we had very heavy ſeas, and hard gales. From Portland I ſoon got to Briſtol, and went directly to my own ſeat, where my uncle then reſided. I ſhall here give you a ſhort deſcription of the perſon of a man, to whom I have ſo great obligations.

He was of a middle ſtature, ſquare built, very erect, of a good-natured aſpect and temper, tho'

a little warm. He always wore the fineſt wigs, and dreſſed plain, but with great neatneſs. He had appeared in cloaths of a light brown, and ſilk ſtockings of the ſame colour, for forty years, without variation. He wore long cravats, with ſpangled taſſels, that hung upon his breaſt. His pomp about his feet was alſo brilliant, but of antique faſhion; for he wore always broad ſquare-toed ſhoes, with red tops, and gold buckles. Such was my uncle.

When I was introduced to him, he was joyfully ſurpriſed to ſee me ſo unexpectedly. He embraced me with tranſport and tenderneſs; and welcomed me home; but aſked me at the ſame time, if any

particular buſineſs had brought me home ſo ſuddenly. I ſtrait preſented to him ſignor Swenitz's letter. In that letter, ſaid I, you will find that the cauſe of my coming home is a beautiful one. He opened the letter; and while he was peruſing it, I conſidered his look with attention, but could diſcern no change in his features. Having read the letter, he folded it up, and, with a pleaſant countenance, ſaid to me, This is a beautiful cauſe indeed that has brought you home.—I find you are in love with a counteſs, who has a jointure of a thouſand gold ducats. If I believe this letter, ſhe is a very amiable perſonage. Yes, anſwered I, ſhe is moſt valuable, and you would

would ſay ſo, if you was to ſee her. Young men, replied he, frequently fancy themſelves in love.—Do not think, ſaid I, my attachment for this lady a tranſient liking that will ſoon be over. She has charmed me as well by her mind as her beauty; I never loved before, and I feel I can never love but her alone. She is formed not only to inſpire love, but to perpetuate it with her charms. But conſider her fortune, ſaid he, it is but a dowry of a thouſand ducats. I could find you a much richer party. Will you ſuffer, anſwered I, the happineſs of my life to be made a ſacrifice to riches? I have heard that you have deſigned to marry me to a daughter of a Le-

vant

vant merchant. I did deſign ſo, (anſwered he, colouring) but that merchant has broke his word with me, and diſpoſed of his daughter to another. Heaven be praiſed, (thought I) this event is fortunate for me. But though the lady is not ſo rich as I could wiſh one for you, and is a counteſs beſides, I ſhall not croſs your inclinations. You know I don't love titles. This counteſs indeed I like better than any other, becauſe ſhe is a merchant's daughter. I will tell you more of my mind another time. Let us go to dinner. I was not diſpleaſed with this beginning, as you may imagine.

We ſate down to dinner; and he queſtioned me with great good humour

humour about the counteſs Meleſinda, and ſeemed perfectly ſatisfied with her perſon and character. He told me, amongſt other things, that the Levant merchant had married his daughter to a Druſe, a rich ſilk merchant in the port of Baruth, with whom he carried on a conſiderable trade in ſilk. That the prince, or emir, of the Druſes, had bought her of her husband for a large ſum of gold, and carried her to Dair-alcanar, where he reſides. That ſhe was become a Druſe, and lived in ſplendor, with which her father was very well pleaſed.

We ſpent ſome days in viſiting my own eſtate, where he ſhewed me the ſeveral improvements he had

had made in my abſence. At laſt, one morning as we were walking together, he told me with a chearful countenance, that he had been thinking of my marrying, and had come to a reſolution of going with me to make ſignor Swenitz a viſit, and by that means he ſhould have an opportunity of ſeeing the lady with whom I was ſo enamoured. I teſtified great gladneſs at his intention; and my uncle having ſoon ſettled his affairs, he ordered his chaiſe, and took me with him to London.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THERE he equipped himſelf and me very differently, himſelf plainly as uſual, and me richly. We took ſhipping, and in a ſhort time got to Holland; and thence to Paderborn.

The philoſopher and my uncle embraced one another with great joy: and after much diſcourſe concerning what had happened to themſelves, and how they had ſpent their time ſince their parting, my uncle entered upon the principal cauſe of his journey; namely, to ſee the counteſs of Polinetz, with whom, by the deſcription in his letter, he was very well pleaſed

that

that his nephew ſhould unite his deſtiny, provided ſhe anſwered that deſcription, as he did not doubt but ſhe would. The philoſopher told him, that he would carry him to the counteſs Meleſinda's the next day. That evening he ſent the counteſs word, that the uncle of the chevalier Pierpoint was come to ſee him, and that he deſired the favour to introduce him to her. She ſent back a civil invitation, and we went the next day in the afternoon. We were conducted at firſt into the library, where we found the old Cittern, with a map before him, reading Petrarch. He received my uncle with politeneſs; and told us, he was endeavouring to find

out

out the ſituation of Valcluſa, ſo celebrated by Petrarch. In a ſhort time the counteſs Meleſinda made her appearance. After the uſual compliments, my uncle told her, that he was come to ſtay a little time with his old acquaintance philoſopher Swenitz; that he had heard of her civilities to his nephew, and was obliged to his friend for furniſhing him with an opportunity to make his acknowledgments to her. She anſwered, that ſhe looked upon it as an honour, when any foreign gentleman came to ſee her rural habitation; and that ſhe ſhould be obliged to him, if he thought the place agreeable, if he would make uſe of it as his own, while he ſtayed in the country.

country. My uncle returned her thanks, and we ſoon entered into a general converſation; during which the counteſs, by her good ſenſe and engaging manner, viſibly gained upon my uncle. He turned the diſcourſe continually to her, in order to cauſe her to ſpeak; and while ſhe ſpoke, he ſeemed to liſten with the moſt delighted attention.

Nor was he leſs pleaſed with the old Cittern; with whom, in the little time we ſtayed, whether through ſympathy, or other ſecret attraction, he contracted an intimate friendſhip. After my uncle had been ſhewn ſeveral things about the houſe, he took his leave of the counteſs and the Cittern,

and

and we got home before cloſe of evening. My uncle, for three weeks after, conſtantly viſited the Cittern, and by that means ſaw the counteſs frequently. The Cittern and he played at backgammon; they walked in the garden and foreſt together; they contrived viſtos, and planted little hills, and the like. In ſhort, they became connected by the ties of the moſt agreeable friendſhip. But my uncle never gave the leaſt hint of my inclination for the counteſs Meleſinda. He thought proper that I ſhould firſt of all open myſelf to her. One morning he came into my room before I was up, (for he always roſe very early to breathe the morning air, as he ſaid) and

addreſſing himſelf to me, The philoſopher, ſaid he, has, at my requeſt, invited the counteſs, with a lady or two, to a collation in his pavilion in the encloſure. We intend to contrive matters ſo, that you ſhall have an opportunity of ſpeaking to her alone, and making my ſentiments and your own known to her. He added, that in caſe I ſucceeded, he would ſettle three thouſand guineas a year upon m . I expreſſed the moſt ardent gratitude to him, and told him, that I ſhould ever obey his commands in all things; and as to what he ordered me to do with regard to the counteſs, it was too ſweet an injunction for me to delay, even for a moment, the putting it in

execu-

execution, when an occaſion offered. As ſoon as he was gone, I got up and dreſſed myſelf; but my head was ſo full of the approaching time, when I ſhould open my heart to my loved Meleſinda, that through exceſſive abſence I committed twenty blunders in my dreſſing myſelf. Great was the impatience and ſolicitude in which I paſſed the morning. I hardly taſted any thing at dinner; upon which my uncle obſerved, that the rich flavour of the veniſon, upon the table, was ſufficient for the nouriſhment of a lover. The philoſopher anſwered, ſmiling, that lovers were then like a certain people of India,

who live upon the ſmell of fragrant odours.

At length the time of appointment came. We ſet out for the encloſure, where the counteſs, the old lady her companion, and two more of her acquaintance, came ſoon after in the counteſs of Meleſinda's coach. The philoſopher led them to the pavilion, where he had prepared an handſome collation, with ſeveral ſorts of wine. The philoſopher laid himſelf out to the beſt advantage for the entertainment of the company; and the ladies anſwered his willingneſs to create joy in them, by ſhewing the greateſt chearfulneſs and gaiety. But my uncle, whoſe thoughts were

were employed about the counteſs and me, was contriving how to leave us alone together. He was relieved from his perplexity by an odd accident. It happened that ſome peaſant, who had been working in the foreſt, had made a little fire in an hollow rotten tree, and left it there burning. As the wood was dry, it took flame, and burnt up among the neighbouring trees. As ſoon as it was perceived by our ſervants, they brought us word of it; and we all immediately left the pavilion, and went into the wood. My uncle and Swenitz joined with the ſervants to extinguiſh the fire, by throwing water and dirt upon the touch-wood, which they got from

a neighbouring rivulet. The counteſs Meleſinda happened to ſtand at ſome diſtance from her companions, leaning againſt a tree. I thought I had then a fair opportunity of revealing my love to her: I went up to the place where ſhe ſtood; Fair counteſs, ſaid I, you ſtand here like a ſylvan hamadryad for the preſervation of your tree. I confeſs, anſwered ſhe, I am a little afraid for the wood, there are ſeveral withered and dry trees in it. The wood, I replied, is in no danger—But permit me to ſeize this occaſion to reveal to you a flame, not ſo eaſy to be quenched. Here in this place I firſt beheld your charms, and here they lighted a ſweet flame in my breaſt, which

nothing

nothing can extinguiſh. What place more proper, than where it firſt took its riſe, to diſcover it to the beautiful cauſe? Yes, my fair counteſs! I love you, and my uncle has given me leave to tell you ſo; and if I could hope for a mutual return, I ſhould eſteem myſelf the moſt happy of mortals. This ſudden declaration a little ſurpriſed her, and ſpread her cheek with new roſes. At length recovering herſelf, ſhe anſwered, with a modeſt grace and noble frankneſs, I little deſerve, and as little expected, ſuch a declaration; but ſince you have made it, I will be ingenuous, and uſe no affected evaſions or myſtery, as I doubt not of your ſincerity. I am obliged to

you for your ſentiments concerning me; and on the other hand, my heart has not been inſenſible to your good qualities. They have made an impreſſion upon me, and the return you wiſh for, you have already gained: but you muſt have the Cittern's conſent. She bluſhed, and looked down, when ſhe had ſpoke theſe laſt words. It is impoſſible to expreſs my tranſport; I was ready to throw myſelf at her feet in the greateſt rapture; but the preſence of the company reſtrained me; and the counteſs Meleſinda, to prevent any action that ſhould diſcover the ſubject of our ſecret converſation, left me to myſelf, and rejoined the other ladies. In my enraviſhment,

when

when ſhe was gone, I turned to the cedar on which ſhe had leaned, and pronounced theſe words from Petrarch:

Gentil ramo, ove piacque
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna,
Sempre dolce ſara ne la memoria.

Flouriſh, fair tree! for ever green,
Where ſhe her beauteous ſide did lean;
How ſweet, how lovely wilt thou be
Still imag'd in my memory!

CHAP. IX.

THE evening coming on, we waited on the ladies to their coach, and took our leave of them till next day, when we were all to dine at the counteſs's.—As ſoon as they were gone—Well, ſaid my uncle, I ſaw you engaged in a ſolitary converſation with the counteſs, ſo I gave myſelf no trouble about finding means to leave you alone together. It was the ſweeteſt converſation I have ever had in my life, anſwered I. With that I told him what declaration I had made, and in what manner it was received, and what ſhe ſaid of the Cittern. My uncle ſaid, he would

ſpeak

ſpeak to him in the morning. He was as good as his word; for he was become almoſt as ardent as myſelf for concluding the marriage. Next morning he went, ſome time before us, to the counteſs's, and found ſignor Trentan ſitting on a bench in the garden. He opened the affair to him, without much preface. He told him the inclination I had ſome time had for the young counteſs, my declaration to her, and the anſwer ſhe had made to me in the wood. The old man teſtified exceeding joy at the news, and ſaid he would not delay a moment to ſpeak to Meleſinda. Accordingly he went to her directly. I was now arrived, and, while the philoſopher ſought my

my uncle in the walks, had taken up a book in the library for entertainment. There the Cittern in a little time came to me, leading in the counteſs. Never did I ſee her look ſo amiable: a livelier vermillion heightened the luſtre of her beauty. Signor Trentan preſented her to me, making me take her hand. We then plighted our faith to each other, according to the cuſtom of the Citterns, by exchanging of preſents. She gave me off her arm a bracelet, with her picture in it. Whilſt I, feeling in my pockets, and not finding any thing which I thought worthy to be preſented to her, bethought myſelf of the black ribbon I wore about my neck, at

which

which was hung the mark of my order of Santa Seraphina; namely, a golden circlet, inſtarred with ſaphirs. I took it off, and put it about the young counteſs's neck. The Cittern ſmiled to ſee her ſo knighted. In the mean time, all the company being arrived and aſſembled in the ſaloon, he brought us out to them, and told what had paſt. All kinds of congratulations were made us. We ſpent the day with rejoicings. In the afternoon we had a noble collation, and muſic at evening. The philoſopher and my uncle both danced with the ladies. — The former played us ſome excellent ſolos of Corelli's on the violin: and as he had a very tuneable baſe voice,

voice, he ſung a ſong, which he, in my name, had himſelf compoſed the night before, to a piece of muſic he had by him. The words were theſe, which the counteſs, at his requeſt, accompanied with the harpſichord:

SONG.

Dazzled with beauty's heav'nly beam,
Which Meleſinda's eyes diſplay,
I felt a gentle gliding flame,
Like light'ning, thro' my boſom ſtray.

She ſeem'd like ſome tranſlucent ſhrine,
Where you emboſom'd may behold
All precious things diſtinctly ſhine,
Pearl, ſaphirs, diamonds, and gold.

Sweetneſs, truth, and every charm
That can engage the well-taught mind,
Or virtuous heart with rapture warm,
Their luſtre ſhew in Meleſinde.

Some

Some other nymphs may Love's bright fires
Enkindle ſlowly in the heart;
Her face at once the god inſpires,
At once he reigns in ev'ry part.

The philoſopher's ſong was applauded, and we paſſed the evening with great feſtivity. It was towards morning when we went home. My uncle, being in haſte to return to England, would not let our marriage be deferred. As ſoon as cloaths were bought, and all preparations could be got ready for the ceremony, we were conducted to the temple, where the old Citterns waited for us.

"The nuptials were celebrated according to the manner of the Citterns. The counteſs was dreſſed in white and ſilver flowered ſilk;

ſilk; myſelf, in a ſuit of light brown velvet, embroidered with gold. We were preſented before the altar: a fire of odoriferous wood-coals, in a ſilver veſſel, was lighted on a pillar near it; upon which we both caſt ſome incenſe, and other perfume. The Cittern bound us together in a golden band, the ſymbol of union and concord: when marriages proved unhappy, he broke this band before the altar, and the parties were free. We held one another by the hand, while a quire of young people, clad in white, ſung an hymn, accompanied with citterns, viols, lutes, and other inſtruments of muſic.

The

The hymn began with the praiſes of the glorious King of Love—his deſcent from the empyrean regions—the ſtar that announced his appearance—his ſufferings for love to mortals—his reaſcenſion to his former glory. The married couple were excited to keep theſe grand ideas of him ever in their minds, and to be thence warmed with a conſtant love and friendſhip for each other.

The hymn being ended, the old Cittern took the counteſs Meleſinda's hand and mine between both his, and, with a ſolemn and exalted tone of voice, pronounced theſe words: "May your union "be worthy to be envied; may it "enlarge the ſcene of happineſs

"to either; may your mutual
"love, innocent and virtuous
"amuſements and diverſions, ſtrow
"flowers on your paths through
"life; and may piety be to your
"memory as an embalming per-
"fume."

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

ALL the time we ſtayed after the nuptials, I thought of nothing but furniſhing new entertainments and diverſions for the counteſs. At laſt we took leave of our ſeveral acquaintance, and ſet forward for Amſterdam. The counteſs left to the Cittern the poſſeſſion of her houſe and gardens for his amuſement; and we both promiſed to viſit him every year after we ſhould be ſettled: for the counteſs having a great deſire to ſee her brother, whom ſhe much loved, we had agreed to go to Spain for a little time. Beſides, we had heard of the Vil-

ladorians on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and thought we could not do better than to viſit them in their retreat. The philoſopher Swenitz was of the ſame opinion, and offered to accompany us; and we very willingly accepted the offer, as he had beed uſed to travelling, and were glad of ſo agreeable a companion. My uncle was much for it; for, ſeeing me ſo enamoured with the counteſs, he thought he had reaſon to fear I might give myſelf up to an indolent life. We ſtayed but two days at Amſterdam, and therefore ſaw but few of its curioſities: but what we ſaw gave us great pleaſure. Amſterdam may be called the magazine of the world. All Holland

land is embelliſhed and enriched with immenſe works. The waters of the ocean are confined by double dykes. Vaſt canals are cut thro' all the towns in beds of ſtone, and the ſtreets form large quays, ornamented with rows of tall trees. The boats unload their merchandize at the doors of the inhabitants; and ſtrangers are never weary of admiring the ſingular and beautiful confuſion of roofs of edifices, ſpires of churches, green tufted tops of trees, and ſilken ſtreamers of ſhips, which at one time, and in the ſame place, preſent a view of the ſea, the town, and the country.

We had fine weather all the way to Portſmouth, where my uncle

would have us land, upon account of ſome merchandize he had there. From thence we took a coach and ſix horſes, which carried us to my ſeat near Briſtol.

The counteſs was welcomed with great rejoicings by the tenants, with ringing of bells and firing of guns; and we had next day all the muſic of the town of Briſtol to ſerenade us. The counteſs ſent them ſome guineas, and my ſteward entertained them, together with the tenants, ſo richly, that they went playing on their inſtruments all the way home. We ſtayed only one month at my ſeat, during which time the counteſs took a view of the ſeveral improvements my uncle had made, with

with all which ſhe was charmed; for he had ſpared neither for advice nor ornament. After receiving a number of viſitants, and returning the compliment to each, my uncle would have us delay no longer our voyage to Spain. The counteſs took two maids, and I two men ſervants, (one of them a Swiſs, who ſpoke ſeveral languages) for our retinue: and there being four large ſhips ready to ſail for Cadiz, the weather likewiſe being very fine, we went aboard, my uncle attending us to the ſhip. There he privately put a purſe of gold in the philoſopher's pocket, and gave the counteſs a large diamond ring of great value; telling her, that, if he died before ſhe re-

turned, ſhe ſhould wear it in memory of him. He embraced us both with great tenderneſs, deſired to be remembered to Cœurleon, tho' unknown, and could ſcarce refrain from tears at quitting the ſhip.

We had a pleaſant and ſpeedy voyage as far as Cape Vincent, and made no doubt but that within fourteen or fifteen days we ſhould make Cadiz. But in the evening we had a great ſtorm, attended with thunder and lightning, which obliged us to hand our ſails, and lie to, a great part of the night; tho' the wind never roſe to that violence we apprehended, nor was it of long continuance; for in the morning all

was ſerene again. But the wind continuing in the oppoſite quarter, detained us a fortnight. The weather proved ſo fine, and the ſea ſo calm, that we viſited one another from ſhip to ſhip in the boats. We were ſeveral times entertained with the ſporting of a multitude of dolphins, which the ſailors ſay foretel wind. At length we came to an anchor in Cadiz-bay, having entered it between two rocks; the one called the Puercos, which appears above water; and the other, the Diamond, which is always covered with the ſea. Cadiz is one of the moſt opulent cities in all Spain. Here are ſeveral houſes of antient architecture, unqueſtionably built by the Moors. At a

ſmall

ſmall diſtance from the town is a little wood, called the Retames, conſiſting of trees and wild buſhes, interſperſed with furz, which, being in flower, ſent forth a moſt delightful fragrancy.

The churches are not large, but elegant; particularly the altars are magnificent with ſilver, and the images of the ſaints very ſplendidly adorned.

As to the markets, they abound with proviſions of all kinds; and it is admirable to ſee ſo great and rich variety of the fruits of the earth.

Here we firſt eat an olla, a favourite diſh of the Spaniards: it is compoſed of a great variety of fleſh and herbs, and very delicious.

The

The women wear no ſtays, but a jacket only, over which they have a manteline, or ſhort cloak, finely embroidered. In general, throughout Spain, the ladies in their viſits are dreſſed in the utmoſt ſplendor. Inſtead of chairs, they ſit on cuſhions laid on the floor. They vie with each other in ornamenting their mantelines, and indeed in adorning all the other branches of their apparel, which are richly embroidered with gold and ſilver. But their linen exceeds all, being of the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip.

They are great lovers of ſweetmeats and chocolate; and fond of hearing and reading plays; alſo of acting them in parties, having a lively

lively imagination. They take great pleaſure in walking abroad, or riding in their glittering caros drawn by mules.

Having ſtayed a few days at Cadiz to reſt ourſelves, and ſee what was moſt remarkable, we hired a caro for the counteſs, and, with horſes and mules, ſet out on our journey for the banks of the Guadalquivir: we croſſed that river, and arrived at the habitation of the Villadorians.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

WE entered by a narrow paſs into a large valley encompaſſed with hills, the tops of which were covered with trees of pleaſant ſhade, together with olive, pomgranate, and orange trees. The houſes of the Villadorians were built of white ſtone, and covered with a blue ſlate that glittered in the ſun, and being ſcattered up and down among the fruitful hills and green valleys, formed a delightful ſcene. The lofty mountains, which appeared at a diſtance, ſerved as a barrier againſt the winds.

On the oppoſite bank of the river appeared the town of St. Lucar, formerly the greateſt port of Spain, before the galleons unloaded their treaſure at the port of Cadiz. Here the Atlantic ocean bounded the horizon. As we advanced into the valley, we were invited into a neighbouring grove by the ſound of harmonious muſic. There we beheld a number of men, elegantly dreſt in long robes of the fineſt dyes: ſome were of ſilk, ſome of cloth, plain, or richly embroidered;—and over-againſt them ſat an aſſembly of women, of equally elegant appearance, who liſtened to a concert of muſic, or elſe joined in it. We were pleaſed to ſee, in-

inſtead of auſtere, melancholy religioniſts, an agreeable and polite people, like the Citterns.

Theſe philoſophers too, like them, looked upon muſic as ſomething heavenly, and proper to calm the paſſions; for which reaſon they always began and finiſhed the day by concerts, aſſerting what the poet ſays,

Man may juſtly tuneful ſtrains admire;
His ſoul is muſic, and his breaſt a lyre;
A lyre, which, while its various notes agree,
Enjoys the ſweet of its own harmony.

After they had given ſome little time in the morning to this exerciſe, they went through delightful walks to a ſacred mount, where

where ſtood a temple of marble. There they offered their homage to heaven. The reſt of the day was ſpent in ſeveral entertaining and uſeful employments; ſuch as reading, painting, ſculpture, poetry, meditation on the ſublime ſciences.

Their grand repaſt was a little before ſun-ſet, at which time they ate of all viands and fruits, wholſome and pleaſant to taſte, and drank moderately of the moſt fragrant wines, ſtill intermixing muſic at proper times. Other men begin not the education of their children till after they are born; but theſe philoſophers ſeemed to do it before. While their wives were with child, they took

care to keep them always in tranquillity and chearfulneſs, by innocent amuſements, by pleaſant and virtuous theatrical entertainments, which they performed amongſt themſelves, and by the charms of muſic †; to the end, that the children born of them might be of a good-humoured, ſweet, and pleaſant diſpoſition.

They wore rich cloathing; not as they ſet any value upon it, but in order, as they ſaid, to encourage the induſtry of manufacturers, and genius of all kinds. They ſaid, that the gilding of the box did not rob the perfume within of its fragrancy.

† The Citterns and Villadorians, in this reſpect, imitate the antient Eaſtern Magi.

Each ſage had his province in the empire of philoſophy. Some ſtudied the virtues of plants, others the courſe of the ſtars; ſome delighted in hiſtory, others in poetry. But the aim of all their reſearches and employments was to admire and celebrate the glory of the great Theondoron; for ſo amongſt themſelves they called the Firſt Cauſe.

As ſoon as we entered into the grove the aſſembly roſe up, and received us with politeneſs, perceiving we were people of rank; and then retiring, left us alone with their chief. This philoſopher, whoſe name was Sophron, led us to a grand alcove, where was a noble picture of a woman, which

which he had painted with his own hands. She was dreſt in the manner of a nymph. Her robe was tucked up above one knee, and upon her legs were embroidered buſkins. In her hand ſhe held a cittern, to which ſhe ſeemed to attune her voice, and ſing. We all ſat down in this place; and on a marble table, in a corner of the alcove, was ſet ſome wine and fruits. We juſt taſted them; and the polite ſage, after we had told him who we were, and that we came to Spain to ſee the ſeveral curioſities of the country, at our requeſt, entertained us with a diſcourſe of the life, manners, and virtues of the Villadorians, of which I have

given an account. While he was ſpeaking, he frequently caſt a look upon the picture, and, as he beheld it, he put on a pleaſant ſmile. We all obſerved it, and the counteſs could not forbear aſking him the reaſon of it. That picture, anſwered he, is the picture of Indiaſana, who heretofore loved me as you now love your huſband. It is here I come to ſpend my ſweeteſt moments. Neither the pleaſures I taſte in philoſophy, nor muſic, nor ſocial banquets, nor delicious wines, nor more delightful converſations, are ſo charming to my ſoul as the dear remembrance of my loved Indiaſana. True virtue, though it regulates the paſſions, does not extinguiſh

tinguiſh tender ſentiments. Theſe words gave us a curioſity to know the hiſtory of his life. The ſage ſought not to excuſe himſelf; and, after a little ſilence, he began in the following manner.

CHAP. XII.

The History of the VILLADORIAN.

I Was born of a noble extraction: my father had a large eſtate in Sicily. As I took great delight in hunting, I frequently went to a country-houſe of my father's, to take that diverſion. There one day, when I had been long in the purſuit of a deer, being ſeparated from my attendants, and having loſt my way in a wood of great extent, after I had rode up and down the foreſt a while in vain, I felt myſelf more weary than uſual; and being incommoded by the heat of the day and extream thirſt, I ſought by-paths unknown to me,

for

for ſome little brook in the wood, in order to get ſome refreſhment. I found one by good fortune. I alighted, and having tied my horſe to a tree, and drank of the ſtream, I walked gently along the borders of it to find out a place free from the beams of the ſun, where I might reſt myſelf for ſome time. I had gone but a little way with this intention, when I found a moſt convenient place for my purpoſe, both in regard to the ſhade it received from ſome thick trees, and of the green velvet graſs that covered the banks of the rivulet. I ſaw and choſe out a pleaſant ſpot at a diſtance. It was ſet with buſhes of wild roſes, with eglantine and ſweet briars. I went for-

ward to it, when, to my ſurprize, I perceived a young maid, nymph-like, who was there repoſing her-ſelf. This accident did not at all diſpleaſe me; and out of curioſity, conformable to my age, I went ſoftly nearer to take a view of her face. I no ſooner beheld it, but I felt myſelf overawed by moſt ex-cellent beauty, the luſtre of which dazzled my ſight, though her eyes were cloſed in a profound ſleep. She was laid in a decent attitude, amongſt a confuſion of flowers, her head repoſed upon her arm. And, will you believe me, her appear-ance ſeemed to me ſo far above all that is mortal, that at firſt ſight I was ſtruck with ſuch a reverence and awe, as we are uſed to have

for

for ſomething divine. I bleſt my good fortune, that had brought me to the ſight of ſuch an object; and while I gazed upon her aſpect with fixed attention, I felt a flame like ſoft lightning glide through my boſom; and ſuffered my ſoul to be engaged, without endeavouring to defend its liberty. If we muſt love beauty, ſaid I ſecretly, where ſhall I find it in a more perfect form; and if the ſenſes have any power to perſuade reaſon, nothing in the world can be more worthy of love than ſuch a charming object. But poſſibly, added I, that which ſleep hides from my knowledge is very different from what it leaves diſcovered. Thoſe eyes, which are now cloſed, perhaps

haps are as full of deformed paſſions, as the reſt of the countenance is of ſweetneſs. And the mind, whoſe beauties, as well as thoſe of the body, ought to contribute to the birth of a reaſonable love, is poſſibly as defective, as the perſon appears full of perfection. I wiſhed to be ſatisfied, but I durſt not awake her: I was afraid to diſturb a repoſe, which already began to be precious to me. I accuſed that ſleep, which robbed me of ſo many treaſures, without having the boldneſs to interrupt it.

At length perceiving ſhe began to awake, I haſtily receded ſome paces, for fear of being ſurpriſed ſo nearly looking upon her, which

my

my regard for her lovelineſs began to condemn.

At her awaking, ſhe caſt her eyes on the neareſt objects, and ſeeing a man in that ſolitary place, ſhe ſtarted up in confuſion, and bluſhed like the roſes about her. I was troubled to ſee her fear, and ſaid, Fair maid! fear not; chance has hither led my ſteps, having loſt myſelf while I was hunting in the foreſt. She made me no anſwer, but fled away between the trees with wonderful ſwiftneſs. I followed her with my eyes, obſerving, as far as I could, the way by which ſhe went.

She no ſooner diſappeared, but a ſigh aroſe from my breaſt: I ſeemed deprived of a pleaſing light,

whoſe ſplendor I had rejoiced in for a moment. I ran over in thought, every place where I imagined ſhe might dwell. Thou flyeſt from me, ſaid I, but in vain. The thickeſt ſhade cannot hide thy beauty; by that I will find thee, wherever thou art concealed.

After ſo ſaying, I turned towards the ſide of the brook, and looked awhile on the flowery ſpot where ſhe lay. I laid me down near it; but her ſweet idea prevented my taking any ſlumber, as I had propoſed. I had not remained long in this ſituation, before my attendants, who had ſought me a good while through the foreſt, arrived at the place where

where I was. I mounted my horſe again, and departed with them. From that time I made the moſt diligent ſearch for her, but to no purpoſe. At length it ſo fortuned, that as I was riding one evening by the ſide of the ſame foreſt, I perceived her with a ſiſter of the Sereneiſts, that had their habitation near the wood, not many furlongs from the ſea. Upon my approach, they opened a little door that let into a garden, ſurrounded with high walls. They both went in haſtily, and cloſed the gate after them. This diſcovery gave me infinite ſatisfaction.

Theſe Sereneiſts are a company of ladies, who lead a recluſe life in that part of the country. They

are generally ladies of ſmall fortunes, who take to that pleaſant retreat: but they may quit it whenever they pleaſe, and marry. Their houſe is ſituated on a riſing ground, that overlooks ſome vineyards and gardens on one ſide; on the other, there is a large proſpect of the ſea Upon enquiry, I learnt that her name, whom I ſought, was Indiaſana; that ſhe was the youngeſt daughter of a knight of St. Severino, who had impoveriſhed himſelf to marry her two ſiſters to two perſonages of rank, but who had run out their eſtates; and that her father being now dead, as well as her mother, her relations had placed her among the Sereneiſts. My father was very rich;

rich; but as he was yet living, I was not in a condition to propoſe to marry this young lady, without the aſſiſtance of his wealth; and I knew very well he would never give his conſent, becauſe he was exceſſively fond of high rank and title, and had formed the deſign to match me with the daughter of a grandee of Spain, the condee of Latmos.

However, difficulties did but encreaſe my paſſion; and the violence of it quickened my ingenuity. I was in the flower of youth: I diſguiſed myſelf in the habit of a girl; and taking with me a purſe of five hundred dubloons, which I had by me, I went to the Sereneiſts. I deceived the chief lady with

with a feigned ſtory; and by the help of my gold, got admittance into the houſe, under the name of Dorana. My father, whoſe eldeſt ſon I was, ordered ſearch to be made every where for me; but to no purpoſe. Indiaſana, not knowing my ſex, conceived a particular liking and friendſhip for me. We paſſed our time together in reading, walking, and other amuſements. I would fain have aſſiſted her in working of flowers, and other ornaments of gold and ſilver for the altars. She frequently endeavoured to teach me, and as often ſmiled at my defect of genius, and want of nicety of hand. To make ſome amends, while ſhe was working, I told her ſtories of my

my own invention, ſetting forth the wonderful effects of love. Sometimes I grew ſo warm in my relations, that I almoſt forgot myſelf while I was ſpeaking; and ſhe would interrupt me and ſay, Dorana! you ſpeak with ſuch warmth and tranſport, that one would imagine you to feel that love you paint ſo well. Beſides this, I compoſed ſongs for her, which ſhe ſung to a cittern, ſuch as you there ſee in her hand, with a ſweetneſs of voice, that would charm my ſoul into ecſtacies. I lived in this manner ſeveral months with her, and now was determined at length to diſcover myſelf to her, and if poſſible engage her to marry me privately, and run my

fortunes; for I was above all diſhonourable views. I naturally was inclined to virtue; and had I not been ſo, her lovelineſs and innocence might have been ſufficient to inſpire it. I waited now only for a favourable moment to reveal my ſentiments; but the Heavens denied me that ſweet moment, having deſtined me to more adventures.

One day, as ſhe was ſitting under an olive tree that was ſhedding its bloſſoms, and which ſtood near a lucent ſtream in the garden, I was beholding her from a window, and repeating theſe words to myſelf:

Da be' rami ſcendea
Dolce ne la memoria
Una pioggia di fior ſoura'l ſuo grembo ;
Et ella ſi ſedea
Humile in tanta gloria,
Coverta gia de l'amoroſo nembo :
Qual fior cadea ſul lembo,
Qual ſu le treccie bionde :
Ch'oro forbito, e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle :
Qual ſi poſava in terra, e qual ſu l'onde ;
Qual con un vago errore
Girando parea dir ; qui regna amore.

Th' admiring boughs, in fragrant ſhow'rs,
Shed on her lap a thouſand flow'rs ;
While, modeſt as her charms are great,
She humble mid ſuch glory ſate :
Some bloſſoms grac'd her garment fair,
And ſome the treſſes of her hair,
Which then ſeem'd beauteous to behold,
As rich enamel laid on gold.

Some on the ground's gay verdure came,
Some floated on the cryſtal ſtream,
Some circling through the air did rove,
And ſeem'd to ſay, "This is the realm of love."

While in admiration of her I was repeating theſe verſes, on a ſudden two men armed ruſhed into the garden, who immediately ſeized and carried off Indiaſana towards the ſea. I alarmed the houſe, but to no purpoſe: I ran down into the garden, and followed them through the gate they went out at; but they ſoon had got aboard a boat that waited for them, and rowed away for a galley, which I preſently knew to be an Algerine. I did not return to the Sereneiſts, but ſtole away privately; and changing my diſguiſe, went

went back to my father's houſe. But there I found a ſtrange alteration. My father ſeemed more ſurpriſed than pleaſed to ſee me again; for my younger brother was now all his attention. He had ſettled his eſtate upon him, and married him to a niece of the prince of Poggione, an heireſs very rich. My mind being filled with the idea of Indiaſana, and not ſetting any value on the world without her, at my father's deſire, and not to give him trouble, I agreed with him to give up my title to his eſtate, provided he would put me in immediate poſſeſſion of twenty thouſand gold ducats; with the intereſt of which ſum I propoſed to go travel in ſearch of

Indiaſana. He willingly accepted my offer, and paid me the ſum, which I put into good hands. In the mean time certain news arrived, that the Algerine, which had carried off Indiaſana, having been driven out of her courſe by ſtreſs of weather, had anchored near the iſland to take in freſh water; that two of the crew looking over the garden wall, had ſpied Indiaſana, were ſtruck with her beauty, and reſolved to carry her off for the ſeraglio of the dey; but that the Turks in their return were intercepted by a Spaniſh veſſel, which had chaſed them beyond their own ports, and driven their galley aſhore on the coaſt of the kingdom of Granada. I now con-

conceived hopes of finding Indiaſana again. I left the iſland; and embarking on board a veſſel bound for Malaga, I landed at that port. I enquired concerning the Turkiſh ſhip that had been driven aſhore upon the coaſt of that kingdom; but could gain no tidings of her. At length, after having travelled four days, making the ſame enquiry to no purpoſe, and ſuſpecting now that the account I had heard was not true, I began to be more than ever troubled in my mind, when my hopes were again revived at Almeria, where I arrived that evening. There I got intelligence, that the Spaniſh veſſel had taken all who were in the Algerine, and carried them to Ali-

cant. I had now ſome glimmering hope; but it ſoon vaniſhed; for arriving at Alicant, I was informed that all the Algerine priſoners were in the caſtle of Alicant, except a young lady of great beauty, whom they had with them, and who had been carried away by a lady of rank who was paſſing through Alicant. I aſked the perſons who gave me this information, whether they could remember the name? They anſwered, that it was the ducheſs of Braganza; and that ſhe had taken the way to the kingdom of Leon, as they had learned from the ſervants. I went to Leon, but could get no intelligence. In ſhort, I wandered over all Spain and

and Portugal in a fruitleſs ſearch; and came at length back again to Granada. When, behold how Heaven directs events! one day as I was croſſing that kingdom, I ſtopped by the ſide of a great foreſt, to ſhelter myſelf from the exceſſive heat. My ſervants had hardly unbridled the mules for refreſhment, when I ſaw a company of hunters paſs by; and a little after ſeveral women, among whom I thought I diſcovered Indiaſana. She was in a hunting dreſs, and diſtinguiſhed from all the reſt by a coronet of gold. She paſſed by me ſo ſwiftly, that I could not be ſure whether my conjectures were well founded. After a little refreſhment, I rode along the ſide

of

of the foreſt, till I came to a ſmall houſe, pleaſantly ſituated amongſt a few trees. By the ſign ſet out at the door, I found it was a ſort of inn, where they ſold wines. The maſter of the houſe was a grave old man, dreſſed in an old ruſty coat of green velvet. I aſked him what that company was which I had ſeen paſs by in the foreſt. He anſwered, It was the ducheſs of Alanza, with her hunting attendants; and that he was her game-keeper. Where, ſaid I, is the duke? The duke, replied he, is dead, and has left this young ducheſs the poſſeſſion of this eſtate during her life. He was an old man when he married her, and fell in love with her through a ſtrange ad-

adventure. An Algerine was taken by a veſſel belonging to the duke of Alanza, and among the captives was this young lady of excellent beauty. It happened, that the old ducheſs of Alanza was paſſing through Alicant, when the duke's veſſel put in there with his priſoners. She ſaw this young lady; and taking a liking to her perſon, carried her away with her to Leon, where the duke then was. She was preſented to him, the ducheſs at the ſame time telling him where ſhe had met with her; and that ſhe was the daughter of a knight of St. Severino in Sicily: that both her parents being dead, and ſhe having but a ſmall fortune, her relations had entered her into the

the ſiſterhood of Sereneiſts in that iſland; and that ſhe had been taken away from thence by an Algerine, who had landed near the garden of their houſe. The duke was ſo pleaſed with her perſon, that he placed her near his ducheſs, and ſent to Sicily to examine the truth of what he had heard. All was confirmed; upon which the duke gave her the choice either to ſtay with the ducheſs, or return to her former ſituation. She had ſoon contracted a great friendſhip with the ducheſs, ſo reſolved to ſtay where ſhe was. The ducheſs of Alanza died about two years after; but the duke would not part with Indiaſana (for that was her name) and in a ſhort time

time married her. He lived about two years only; and having no children by this young ducheſs, he left her this noble houſe and eſtate for her life. At the name of Indiaſana, what tranſport of joy did I feel! Heaven, thought I, has now made me more than ſufficient amends for all my trouble. One look of her will make me forget all the pains of ſo long an abſence. I immediately conceived the miſtake of the name of Braganza for Alanza. I then conſidered by what means I ſhould introduce myſelf to her. I went to Guadix, that being the next town. There I hired a well-furniſhed lodging. I bought me an handſome hunting ſuit, being a ſhort blue coat, em-

broidered

broidered with gold. I conſtantly attended the ducheſs when ſhe went a hunting, which was one of her favourite diverſions. She took notice of me; and being informed that I was a ſtranger travelling through Spain, one day as our chaſe led us near her caſtle, ſhe very civilly ſent to invite me to dinner. I was conducted into a room, where were ſeveral ladies. She told me ſhe was herſelf a ſtranger in the kingdom of Granada, and took pleaſure in entertaining ſtrangers who paſſed by her caſtle; and that as ſhe had heard I loved hunting, ſhe hoped I would make uſe of her woods, while I ſtaid at Guadix. I thanked her with the greateſt demonſtrations

tions of reſpect; and ſoon after we ſate down to dinner. It was almoſt impoſſible for her to recollect me: we had been ſeparated ſix years; and grief, fatigue, and ſun-burn had altered my features and complexion. While we were at our repaſt, I often ſurpriſed her eyes fixed upon me, and ſhe ſeemed to examine my face with more than common curioſity. When ſhe perceived I obſerved her, ſhe bluſhed, and turned her face and diſcourſe another way; while I thought I diſcovered in her look a ſecret emotion, which ſhe endeavoured to hide. After dinner, ſhe politely queſtioned me concerning my name, my family, and

and country. I was charmed to enjoy her company thus, awhile unknown; ſo would not diſcover myſelf at once. Beſides, as heretofore I had thought her of good rank, and but ſmall fortune, and yet would have ſhared, had it been in my power, my large fortunes with her; ſo now, through a capriciouſneſs of love, I had a mind to try if I could engage her to love me as I had loved her. I concealed my country, and my birth, and told her that I was born in the ſtate of Lucca, of an antient family; but that, being a younger brother, I had but a ſmall fortune. After this ſhort account ſhe changed the diſcourſe: and while the

the company went to ſeveral amuſements, I took the opportunity to ſee the apartments.

After this firſt interview, ſhe uſed frequently to invite me to her parties of pleaſure; and under pretence of enquiring concerning my travels, betrayed a ſecret pleaſure in diſcourſing with me. I often painted forth my own ſentiments in ſtories of my own invention. I had a fertile imagination, which furniſhed me ſufficiently with hiſtories for that purpoſe. She, in her turn, gave me an account of her living among the Sereneiſts; of her friendſhip for Dorana; and their mutual affection. Scarce was I able to contain myſelf when I heard her ſpeak; I was

juſt ready to throw off all diſguiſe; but my falſe delicacy required, as I have ſaid, that ſhe ſhould do for me, what I would have done for her; and I was quickly ſatisfied.

A day being appointed for hunting a wild boar in the foreſt, we ſet out with her uſual retinue. When we came to the ſcene of ſport, which was a wood between two high mountains, there we alighted and took our ſeveral ſtations. I took mine near the ducheſs, who remained on her ſteed, a bright bay, with trappings of ſilver; and in her hand ſhe held a zagagglia, or Mooriſh javelin. And now the boar was rouſed from his covert: the hounds opened,

the French-horns ſounded, and mixing with the ſhouts of the huntſmen, made a moſt chearful muſic, which was returned from the echoing hills. Preſently we ſaw the boar of a monſtrous ſize, come on, gnaſhing his teeth and tuſks all white with foam; and being cloſely purſued by the dogs and huntſmen, he made furiouſly towards the place where the ducheſs ſtood. The ducheſs, who had been uſed to the ſport, lanced her javelin at him, and wounded him in the ſhoulder. This made him more furious; and immediately, as their cuſtom is, he turned him to the ducheſs, who had wounded him. The ducheſs's horſe, though uſed to the ſport,

was terrified; and drawing back, found the ſtump of a tree in his way that overthrew him. Indiaſana fell on her ſide, and the boar was ready with his tuſks to revenge the blood her javelin had drawn from him. Judge what was my trouble, when I beheld her danger. I ruſhed on the wings of love between her and the ſavage; and was ſo lucky, that with my hanger I pierced his heart. He fell at the feet of the ducheſs, who was already riſen from the ground. She had not been hurt in the fall; but as for me, I had received a wound in my thigh, from one of the boar's tuſks. She ordered me to be brought to the caſtle, and a ſplendid apartment

to be prepared for me. She ſent me word, that ſhe deſired I would ſtay at the caſtle till my wound was healed; that it was the leaſt ſhe could offer to a perſon, to whom, in all probability, ſhe owed her life. You may eaſily imagine how willingly I accepted the offer. I ſent her word, by her confidante, that I thought myſelf happy in having preſerved a life ſo precious; and that it was an encreaſe of that happineſs, that ſhe would ſuffer me, even for a little time, to be ſo near her perſon. I was attended with the utmoſt care and diligence; and every thing was ſent me that the greateſt perſon could command.

Amongſt other things, which ſhe propoſed for my amuſement, ſhe bade her woman aſk me, if one of her attendants ſhould entertain me with ſome muſic. I anſwered, that it would be a relief to my pain. Accordingly, that evening, a moſt ſweet voice ſung theſe words in Spaniſh to a guitar:

I'm there with thee, and here with me thou [art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart:
Miracles ceaſe not yet in love,
When he his mighty pow'r will try,
Abſence itſelf does bounteous prove,
And ſtrangely ev'n our preſence multiply.*

* Theſe words are Mr. Cowley's; but as they anſwer exactly to the ſenſe of the Spaniſh, I thought I could not do better than make uſe of them.

I was

I was charmed with the voice, and much more when I knew it again to be Indiaſana's; and I remembered I had taught her thoſe words, when we were among the Sereneiſts.

The next day, upon a piece of Indian paper, which I found on a table of Japan, I wrote with a pencil the following words, and begged that the perſon who ſung the evening before would ſing them to the guitar.

Me, with thy purple wings, Love! hide,
While I approach Selinda fair,
Secret to view her beauty's pride,
Her pleaſing words and ſtrains to hear.

Mean time, thou in her ear impart,
How for her charms Amyntas dies;
Then touch her with thy golden dart,
And off her lover throw diſguiſe.

The ducheſs did as I deſired, not imagining I knew it was ſhe that ſung.

This behaviour of hers ſatisfied me that ſhe loved me, and I reſolved to make myſelf known to her the firſt time I waited on her. I ſoon got well of my wound; and having dreſt myſelf elegantly, I was conducted to the apartment where ſhe was. After I had returned her thanks for her munificent care of me, ſhe deſired me to ſit down—then thus réſumed her ſpeech:—I have an offer to make

make you, which, if I can divine from your actions and words, will not be unacceptable to you. No offer, replied I, can come from your hand, but will be more precious to me than the golden fruit of the Heſperides. Know then, ſaid ſhe, the offer I deſign to make you is that of my hand: I owe my fortune, whatever it be, to you, becauſe you ſaved my life, and I am willing to ſhare that fortune with you. I roſe up with tranſport, and taking her by the hand—What offer (ſaid I, looking ſtedfaſtly upon her bluſhes) can be ſo acceptable to your Dorana? Ah, Indiaſana, have you then forgot me? She looked upon me,

ſhe

ſhe knew me, and, conjecturing all the reſt, was ſo overcome with ſurprize and joy, that ſhe fainted into my arms. I called ſome of her attendants, and we ſoon brought her to herſelf. I ſat down by her; I told her my family, my adventures, and all the effects that love had produced in me. Our nuptials, in a few days, were celebrated with pomp and magnificence.

I thought no more of the fortune I had given up; I was in poſſeſſion of Indiaſana, and my happineſs was complete: but, alas! this happineſs laſted but a ſhort time. Indiaſana was taken from me in about three years after our mar-

marriage. I gave myſelf up to exceſſive ſorrow: nor conſolation of friends, nor any diverſion, could charm my griefs. When as I was walking one day in the foreſt, I ſat down in a bower, I had formed there with myrtle trees, and fell into a ſhort ſleep; when, methought, Indiaſana appeared to me. She was dreſt in a veil, ſpangled with ſtars: her face, tho' adorned with celeſtial ſplendor and an immortal bloom, was well known to me. She ſeemed to wipe off my tears, and ſay, Forbear, my Love! theſe fruitleſs ſorrows for me: behold how exalted, how beautiful I appear. One day we ſhall meet again in the empyrean region, where

where Love eternal reigns, if your vain paſſion prevent it not. I deſire you, therefore, whenever you look upon my portrait, to reflect on this viſion, and to teſtify your joy with a pleaſant countenance. Thus having ſaid, ſhe drew her rays about her, like a golden ſhrine, and cloſed herſelf from my ſight. I wakened in a rapture, and, lifting up my hands, I cried out, O Indiaſana, Indiaſana! my only comfort is the hope of ſeeing you again. Your felicity has already begun mine. It was no vain dream: I ſaw and knew again that grace, that dignity, that modeſty, with which you were always adorned. Death in you has not

not made any change, ſave that an immortal beauty has taken place of one fading and mortal. You are exalted, and crowned with a divine ſplendor; and to your former excellent diſpoſitions are added the tranſports of an heavenly joy. I know, that in thoſe ſuperior regions your happineſs will not be complete, till I ſhare it with you. Thoſe who have loved each other truly, will love for ever. True love is a celeſtial flame, that will burn and ſhine when time and death ſhall be no more.

After the death of Indiaſana, I formed to myſelf a new plan of happineſs. My father was dead: I went

I went to ſee my brother, who would have had me live with him; but I reſolved upon retreat and ſtudy. I had inherited large riches from my wife: I ſettled them all upon two children I had by her, a boy and a girl; and made my retreat here on the banks of the Guadilquivir, among the Villadorians, who have choſen me for their head. I ſometimes go to ſee the offspring of India-ſana, and am pleaſed to behold her likeneſs revive in them.

Here Sophron ended his hiſtory, which gave us great pleaſure, and confirmed the counteſs and me in our mutual affection and tender-neſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

THE ſage treated us with an excellent repaſt, and invited to it ſeveral Villadorian ladies, to keep the counteſs company. The converſation was ſprightly, ſenſible, and polite. I took particular notice of a little woman, who, tho' at leaſt fifty years of age, charmed all preſent. She was not handſome; but ſhe was agreeable, and was poſſeſſed of thoſe ever new and ever blooming charms, which are not to be found in beauty alone. She was the daughter of a rich Greek merchant of Alexandria. Her father dying, ſhe married a Villadorian, who

who at that time traded to Grand Cairo.

After this regale, Sophron carried us to ſee the dramatic entertainments of the Villadorians. The theatre was magnificent, and the decorations pompous. The philoſopher directed a tragedy to be acted, which one of the Villadorians had lately compoſed. The ſubject was Donna Bianca, queen of Arragon, whom the king her huſband, Pedro the Cruel, unjuſtly cauſed to be put to death. Sophron, having placed us in a ſeat moſt convenient for ſeeing and hearing, took his ſeat near us, and explained to us his deſign in encouraging ſuch repreſentations.

The

The theatre, ſaid the ſage, is a living picture of the virtues and paſſions of men: imitation deceives the mind into a belief that the objects are really preſent, and not repreſented. The drama is only an abridgment of epic poeſy. The one is an action recited; the other, an action repreſented. The one recounts the ſucceſſive triumphs of virtue over vice and fortune; the other repreſents the unforeſeen miſchiefs cauſed by the paſſions: the one may abound with the marvellous and ſupernatural, becauſe it treats of heroic exploits, which Heaven alone inſpires; but in the other, the natural muſt be joined with the

ſurpriſing, to ſhew the genuine effects and play of human paſſions. The heaping of wonders upon wonders tranſports the mind beyond the limits of nature; but it only excites admiration: on the contrary, by deſcribing the effects of virtue and vice, both without us and within us, man is brought to ſee and know himſelf; the heart is touched, while the mind is delighted and amuſed. To reach the ſublime, the poet muſt be a philoſopher. The moſt beautiful flowers, graces, and paintings, only pleaſe the imagination, without ſatisfying the heart, or improving the underſtanding. Solid principles, noble

ſen-

ſentiments, and various characters, muſt be diſperſed throughout, in order to diſplay to us truth, virtue, and nature. Man muſt be repreſented as he is, and as he appears, in his native colours, and under his diſguiſes, that the picture may reſemble the original, in which there is always a contraſt of virtues and imperfections. At the ſame time it is neceſſary to conform to the weakneſs of mankind: too much moralizing tires, too much reaſoning chills the mind. We muſt turn maxims into action, convey noble ſentiments by a ſingle ſtroke, and inſtruct rather by the manners of the hero than by his diſcourſe.

Theſe are the great rules founded upon human nature, and the ſprings which muſt be put in motion, to make pleaſure ſerviceable to inſtruction. It argues an ignorance of human nature, to think of leading it to wiſdom at once by conſtraint and ſeverity. During the ſprightlineſs and fire of youth, there is no fixing the attention of the mind, but by amuſing it. This age is always upon its guard againſt precepts; and therefore, that they may be reliſhed, it is neceſſary to diſguiſe them under the form of pleaſure.

While Sophron was thus ſpeaking, the theatre was filled with the

the Villadorians, their wives, and youth of both ſexes, who made a very brilliant appearance. The play was performed to admiration by the young Villadorians; they had nature, fire, and good ſenſe in their pronunciation and action. She who repreſented queen Bianca was a lovely young lady, about fourteen years of age. She was dreſt, according to her innocence and name, in ſilver tiſſue. Her complexion was fair, her eyes blue, and the rays, that ſparkled from her aſpect, were united with thoſe of a ſtarry diadem. Her locks hung in buckles on her white neck and ſmooth ſhoulders; her

ſtep and motions were graceful, and full of dignity. I cannot liken her better than to the perſon of Venus in the Æneid:

——She turn'd and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and diſhevell'd hair;
Which flowing from her ſhoulders reach'd the ground,
And widely ſpread ambroſial ſcents around:
In length of train deſcends her ſweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love is known.

The play was attended with applauſe of hands, and accompanied with excellent muſic. I never was better entertained in my life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

WE ſpent ſome time with the ſage Villadorian in his retreat. In the mean while Sophron laid open to us the treaſures and ornaments of nature, and the ſublime doctrines of religion.

One while he made us obſerve and admire the ſtructure and beauty of the earth. If we look down upon the earth, ſaid he, we behold a ruin indeed; but ſuch a one as ſtill retains ſome marks, though obſcure, of its antient magnificence. It crowns itſelf with harveſts; it adorns itſelf

with verdure to chear our ſight; it nouriſhes, together with man, the beaſts that ſerve or nouriſh him. All things are renewed again every year. The trees afford a pleaſant ſhade from the heats of ſummer, and fire to temper the cold of winter. The groves are filled with variety of natural muſic. The bloſſoms, that embelliſh nature, promiſe the fruits. The fruits of delicious flavour and taſte, drop into our hands at the uſual ſeaſons. The riches of the field ſpread abundance immediately before the ſeaſon, whoſe rigour ſuſpends labour. The ſtreams fall in foaming caſcades from the mountains. The rivers,

rivers, after having watered and enriched divers countries, and facilitated commerce, precipitate themſelves into the ſea. The ſea, far from depriving men of all ſociety, is, on the contrary, the center of commerce between the moſt diſtant nations.

Another time he carried us with him into the bowels of the earth, and ſhewed us the treaſures therein contained. The ſeveral antient nations, ſaid he, who conquered Spain, were, in their turns, enriched by the treaſures which the country produced from its mines, as rich as thoſe of Mexico and Peru. The ſilver mines of Spain are ſtill far from being

being exhauſted; there are ſome in the province of Eſtramadura, that yield plenty of ore.

The mines of Peru and Caſtella del Oro are eſteemed now the richeſt in the world, yielding gold and ſilver in abundance, and not being deſtitute of other metals; inſomuch that the natives of Peru, and the Spaniards, uſed to boaſt, that this kingdom was founded upon gold and ſilver. There were formerly mines about the town of Quito, which produced more gold than earth. And when the Spaniards made their firſt expedition into the golden country, they found ſeveral houſes, eſpecially in the regal city, Cuſco, which were all

all covered over within and without with plates of maſſy gold; and the officers of the Peruvian forces not only wore ſilver armour, but all their arms were made of pure gold. The moſt rich and advantageous mine of ſilver is in the mountains of Potoſi, where twenty thouſand workmen are daily employed to dig it, and carry it up at leaſt four hundred ſteps. Theſe mines produce that vaſt quantity of gold and ſilver, which the king of Spain receives out of America every year; and which he keeps fortified with ſtrong forts and garriſons.

In

In Guinea there are ſeveral mountains that produce gold; but they are remote from the ſhore; and the gold duſt which is brought from thence, is not dug out of the ground, but gathered up and down by the natives. Their inland kings poſſeſs each his mine; the product of which he ſells to the neighbouring merchants, and they again to others, till it reaches the ſea-ſhore, where it is exchanged with the Europeans.

I paſs over the mines of Germany, of which ſome produce ſmall quantities of gold, others ſilver in abundance, and a great many of them copper, iron, lead, vitriol,

vitriol, antimony. Theſe you have ſeen.

Sweden is enriched with the beſt copper mine of any hitherto diſcovered. It is in a vaſt high mountain, out of which as much copper is dug as makes up a third part of the king's revenue.

There are mines of precious ſtones found in the iſland of Ceylon, and alſo in Congo (where there is a ſilver mine) and ſo much fine marble, that the earth under ground is thought to be all marble.

In the kingdom of Golconda, in India, there are mines which yield precious ſtones, eſpecially diamonds in abundance. Theſe are the

the richeſt mines I can recollect. The world (added he, addreſſing himſelf to the counteſs) was framed, at firſt, of ſuch rich materials; and the gold and precious gems we find are but the reliques of that antient world.

After this he raiſed our thoughts to the ſtars, and ſhewed us the different forms and motions of thoſe great luminaries; and was pleaſed to ſee the counteſs look through his teleſcopes and obſerve them.

One evening after ſupper, and our uſual concert of muſic, we went to take a walk upon the banks of the ſea. The air, from the heat of the preceding day, was ex-

extremely refreſhing, the moon about an hour high, and her luſtre, between the trees, made a moſt agreeable mixture of light and ſhade. The ſtars were arranged in all their glory, and not a cloud appeared throughout the hemiſphere. Such was the beauteous ſereneneſs of the night, when the ſage Villadorian began to unveil to the counteſs the ſtarry worlds; for to her he particularly addreſſed himſelf.

That noble expanſe, which appears fartheſt from the earth where we reſide, is called the Heavens, that azure firmament, where the ſtars are faſtened like ſo many golden nails. They are called *Fixt Stars*,

Stars, becauſe they ſeem to have no other motion than that of the horizon, which carries them with itſelf from eaſt to weſt.

Between the earth and this great blue vault, as one may call it, hang, at different heights, the ſun and the moon, with the other five ſtars, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, which we call the planets. Theſe planets not being faſtened to the ſame heaven, and having very unequal motions, have divers aſpects and poſitions; whereas the *Fixt Stars*, in reſpect of one another, are always in the ſame ſituation. The ſeven ſtars, for example, which you ſee in the north, have been, and ever will be,

be, as they are now: but the moon is ſometimes nearer the ſun, and ſometimes at a greater diſtance from it; and ſo are the reſt of the planets. Thus things appeared to the old Chaldean ſhepherds, whoſe great leiſure under their ſerene ſky, as ſome think, produced the firſt obſervations, which have ſince been the foundation of aſtronomy; while others are of opinion, that aſtronomy was beſt known among the Arabians, whoſe country is in a great meaſure barren and deſolate; whoſe climate is ſo ſcorching, that they can hardly ſtir abroad in the day, and whoſe delight it is to lie on their houſe-tops in the night, contemplating

the heavenly bodies that roll over their heads with ſuch amazing ſplendor. Geometry ſprung from Ægypt, where the inundations of the Nile, confounding the bounds of the fields, occaſioned the inventing more exact meaſures to diſtinguiſh every one's land from that of his neighbour's. So that aſtronomy may be ſaid to be the daughter of admiration of the works of the great Theondoron; geometry, the offspring of ſelf-intereſt: and if we examine poetry, we ſhall find her to be the offspring of divine love. I am glad, ſaid the counteſs, to have learned the genealogy of the ſciences. But how is poetry the daughter of divine love? Poetry, an-

anſwered the philoſopher, is a more ſerious and uſeful art than is commonly imagined. Religion conſecrated it to its own uſe, from the beginning of the world; before men had a word of ſacred ſcripture. The ſongs they learned by heart, preſerved the remembrance of the creation, and the tradition of the wonderful works of the great Theondoron. Nothing can equal the magnificence and tranſport of the ſongs of Moſes. The ſacred writings are full of poetry, even in thoſe places where there is not the leaſt appearance of verſification. Thus you ſee how poetry is the off-

ſpring of grateful love to Theondoron.

The counteſs then aſked him concerning the worſhip of the ſtars, and the riſe of aſtrology. Of which he gave the following account.

We are, ſaid he, a race of fallen intelligences.--Angels, than whom we were formed a little lower in glory, did at firſt converſe familiarly with us. A part of theſe ſtaid, after the great tranſgreſſion, having become enamoured with the daughters of men, who had not yet loſt all their original beauty and brightneſs: and from them ſprung a race, half human,

half

half divine: of which the heathens ſhew they had a tradition, by the fabulous relations of their demi-gods. Others of theſe excellent beings withdrew from men. But men did a long time retain, from tradition the remembrance of thoſe bright intelligences, and beſought their protection and influence, when inviſible. They thought them aſcended to the ſtars, their habitation. Hence ſprung the worſhip of the ſtars and planets, or of thoſe intelligences that were thought to inhabit them. Hence alſo aſtrology, or the conſulting the ſtars concerning future events. Thus men made gods of thoſe intelli-

gences, with whom they had at firſt converſed as with their fellow-creatures, though of a ſuperior order. They applied to them for aſſiſtance; they watched their aſpects, obſerving whether they ſhewed a mild luſtre, or an angry fluſhing, and the like; and drew preſages from thence. It is ſaid of the antient Chaldeans, that they had no other gods but the ſtars *, to whom they made ſtatues and images: thoſe which they made to the ſun, were of gold; thoſe to the moon, of ſilver: and ſo to the reſt of the planets they

* This account of ſtar-worſhip and aſtrology I have met with no where but among the Villadorians.

made

made images of the ſeveral metals they had dedicated to them.

He then proceeded again to the planets. He deſcribed the antient ſyſtem of Ptolomy, who placed the earth in the center of the univerſe, and made all the planets and ſtars turn round it. The cryſtal heaven, that moved in a contrary direction to the ſphere of fixt ſtars.

He next explained the Copernican ſyſtem, that removed the earth from the honourable place it was in before, and ſet the ſun there in its ſtead, making the planets to turn round that glorious luminary, from whence they draw their light. With his teleſcopes,

he ſhewed the counteſs, Saturn and his five moons; alſo the luminous ring that ſurrounds him.

Then Jupiter, that has three golden belts about him, and four moons in his attendance. The philoſopher ſaid, he thought Jupiter ſo fine a planet, that it had never ſuffered any alteration ſince its being ſet in the heavens.

Now I thoroughly underſtand, interrupted the counteſs, what a great Italian poet has in a deſcription of the flight of an angel down to earth. I will repeat it to you.

For his grand flight his golden vans he ſpreads,
So ſwift their motion ev'n all thought [exceeds.

He

He paſs'd the fire and light, fixt glorious ſeat
Of happy ſouls in their empyrean ſtate;
The cryſtal pure, the ſphere that's 'gainſt it turn'd,
And all with ſtars, as with bright gems, adorn'd.

Then ſaw where, circling from the left hand, move
The radiant orbs of Saturn and of Jove,
Diff'rent in work and ſhow: then others deem'd
Stars wand'ring, but unjuſtly wand'ring nam'd;
If there ſome bright Intelligence preſides,
Informs their bodies, and their motion guides.
And after, from the lightſome fields that flame
With an eternal day, the angel came,
With downward wing, to that æthereal plain,
Whence thunders lighten, clouds deſcend in rain:

Where

Where the world's nurſt by elemental ſtrife,
Subſiſts, diſſolves, dies, and ſprings up to life.
Where'er he came, his preſence glory brings,
The dark air fanning with his gorgeous wings.
Night's ſhades were gilded by the beams divine,
That ſtreaming from his ſparkling viſage ſhine.
So, after rain, the ſun-beams oft unfold,
And fringe the clouds with purple and with gold.
To the great Mother's lap a ſtar's ſo ſeen,
Deſcending radiant thro' the blue ſerene.

Here we have the empyrean, the cryſtal heaven, the fixt ſtars, and then the planets, as in your antient ſyſtem.

What

What you obſerve, ſaid the philoſopher, is very true; you have them all in that grand deſcription. The ſage, in the next place, ſpoke of the fixt ſtars, as being ſo many ſuns enlightening a number of worlds, that loſt us in immenſity, and confounded the imagination. He aſſured her, that all the planets were inhabited: ſhewed her the milky way, a conſtellation of an innumerable number of ſtars together. A poet, added he, ſpeaking of a beautiful woman, makes uſe of this compariſon:

Her face reſembles the bright milky way,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

And another, ſpeaking of a lady's

mind, adorned with ſeveral bright virtues, ſays,

'Tis like the milky way, ſown thick with ſtars.

We are much obliged, ſaid the counteſs, to thoſe gentlemen the poets for their complaiſance to our ſex.

The ſage Villadorian thus entertained us, till it grew towards that time of night which Torquato Taſſo, in his ſecond book of the Jeruſalemme, deſcribes in theſe beautiful verſes:

Now night had ſpread her ſpangled canopy,
The weary world did all in ſilence lie,
Huſh'd were the winds and waves, ſerenely bright the ſky,

The

The fiſhes, which the liquid lakes contain,
That ſwim the azure kingdoms of the main;
The flocks and herds on graſſy couches laid,
The painted birds, amid the ſylvan ſhade,
Under the ſhadows, in oblivion deep,
Sweeten'd their hearts, and lull'd their cares aſleep.

When, looking towards the ſea, we perceived an object that took all our attention. It was a great fire, that aroſe from the waves. The flames, in ſome places, mixed with thick ſmoke, rolled themſelves in great volumes towards the ſtars, and ſhot their ſparks upwards ſo fiercely, that, ſo to ſpeak, they ſeemed to conteſt for ſplendor with thoſe lights with which the blue firmament was then

then embroidered. We all immediately gueſſed it muſt be ſome veſſel on fire; and began to deplore their misfortunes who were involved in that combuſtion. We ſtood looking upon it, till crimſon was beginning to glow in the Eaſt, and the flames grew pale at the approach of morning; when ſuddenly we diſcovered two perſons making towards the ſhore, which they ſaw already near them. One was a woman, who was ſitting on a maſt; the other a man, who, ſwimming after it with all his power impelled it towards the ſhore. I preſently ſtripped into my ſattin waiſtcoat and ſilk drawers, and threw myſelf into the

the ſea. As I could ſwim well, I in a little time reached the maſt, and bidding the man employ what ſtrength he had left to gain the land, I took hold of the maſt, and drove it before me with ſuch ſucceſs, that I quickly found a bottom. Then releaſing the lady from the maſt to which ſhe was faſtened, I led her to the land, where the man in a ſhort time arrived. I had no ſooner brought the lady, who ſeemed to have been richly dreſſed, on the bank of the ſea, than ſhe let herſelf fall, being faint with fatigue; nor could command force enough to return thanks to me, even with a look. Sophron immediately haſted

ed home, whence he preſently returned with cordials and ſome reviving perfumes; by the help of which we brought the lady to herſelf, and then conducted her to the habitation of the philoſopher. An apartment was ordered for her, and apparel, ſuch as was ſuitable to one of rank; for ſuch ſhe ſeemed by her dreſs and appearance. We left her to her repoſe, and all withdrew to reſt.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.